The Bystander, August 13, 1913.—No. 506. Vol. XXXIX.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

THE ROMANCE OF THE REGISTRY OFFICE

Miss Sybil Sassoon and the Earl of Rocksavage are here seen arriving at a Registry Office off Buckingham Palace Road, where they were married last week. The bride is the sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, and the bridegroom heir to the Marquis of Cholmondeley. When an Earl marries a wealthy baronet's sister romance doesn't usually count for much; but in this case, we suppose, the Registry Office idea added the "piquant" touch necessary.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

The Impossible Peace

It is generally agreed that the Balkan "peace" treaty signed on Sunday will prove to be just about as fruitless of anything but bloodshed as its prototype of Berlin. That last move of Bulgaria's was a bad one and a mad one; all the same one feels the profoundest regret that history is repeating itself and that she is once more to be made the sport of greedier and less courageous neighbours. That the unwarlike monarch of Roumania should be exchanging telegrams with the Kaiser over her prostrate form is surely the last straw—and one that shows the way the wind blows.

* *
*

A Jarring Note

Though life in general is being carried on with more than a tinge of the holiday spirit, there are ominous rumours of disturbances in the offing, and those who know, say that a great railway strike is becoming a possibility of the near future. And confidence is not increased by the certainty that if it materialises we can rely on the present Government to deal with it in the usual half-hearted and temporising manner. With so many people starting and returning from their holidays, the time is, of course, admirably apropos—for the strikers.

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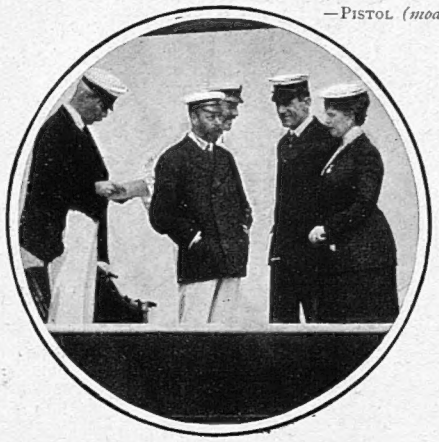


THE KING AND QUEEN

On board his Majesty's yacht, which was successful in winning two events at Cowes

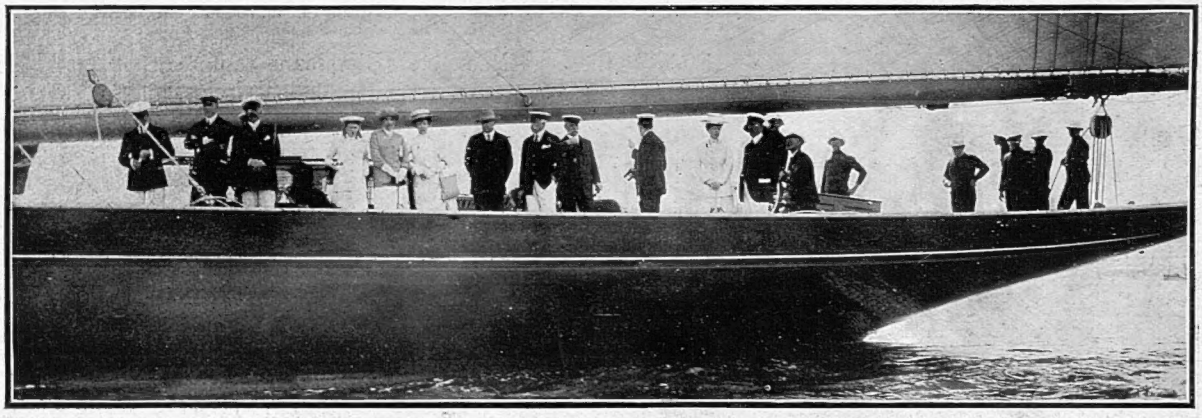
Unflocking

This week, with the King coming back from Cowes for his Prorogation Council and then going northwards by easy stages to Balmoral, sees the final dispersal of the diminishing crowd—I had almost said flock—of people who attend all the functions of the "season" as in duty (or social ambition) bound. Some to the "shoots," which, I fear, are going to prove mostly disappointing from the sport point of view, some on yachting cruises, others to take the cure at Harrogate or Buxton (where the Duke of Devonshire has been recruiting), others again to their favourite or most socially profitable foreign spa or bad.

* *
*

Something to Hit

In Scotland, of course, shooting is nominally the one attraction, but the fact that the grouse-bird is not in his best form this year will not necessarily diminish one's enjoyment. After all, it is the keen air and the sense of freedom and distance that is the great charm, and, if you must hit something, there is always a bird ready to hand, amenable, unaffected by seasons, and ready to be smitten—the golf ball.



THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA," HIS MAJESTY'S RACING YACHT

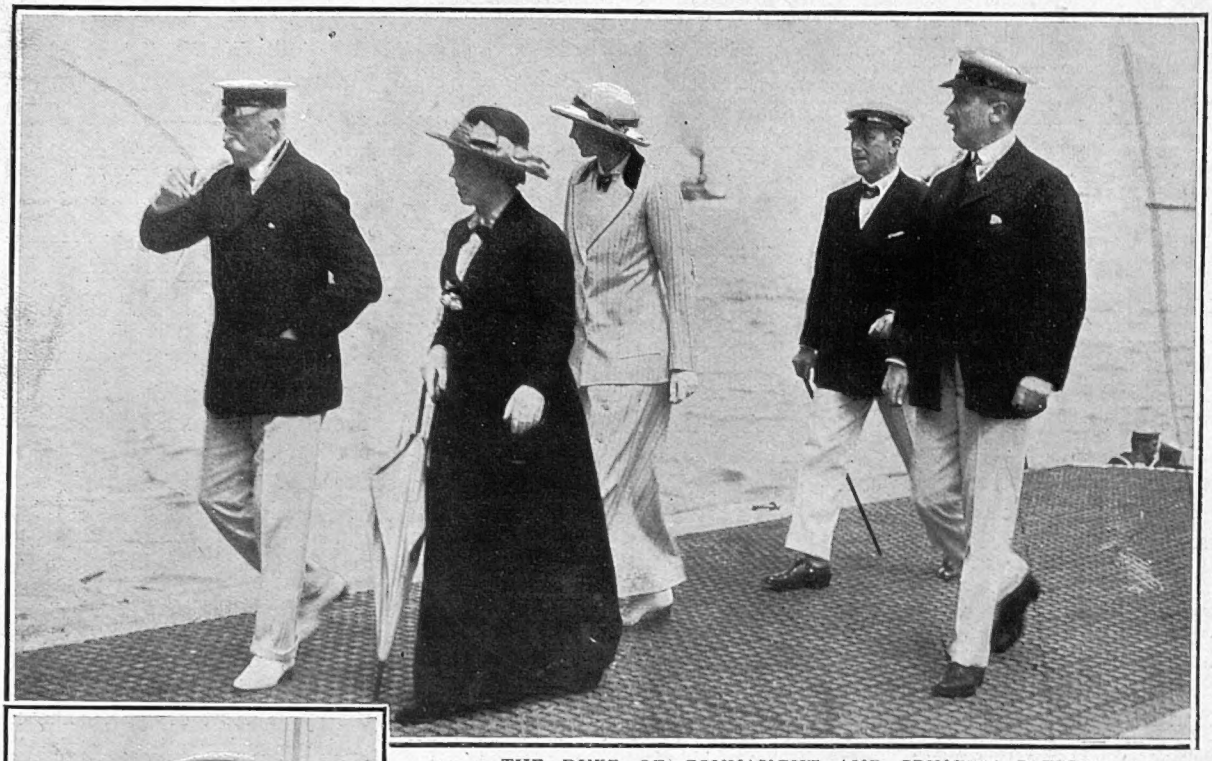
Among those who may be recognised on the yacht are the Marquis de Soveral, next to him Princess Mary and Princess Patricia, the Duke of Connaught, and Her Majesty the Queen

PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE ALBERT

With Captain Philip Hunloke at Cowes

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Social Element at Cowes



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCESS PATRICIA
Accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (on the Duke's left), arriving on the Royal Yacht Squadron landing stage

THE DUKE OF LEEDS
Lands at the R.Y.S. steps

Going to the Bad

For those who have over-eaten, over-drunk, and generally done for themselves in the really old-fashioned and prescribed manner of "enjoyment," there are, of course, other quite utilitarian reasons for going to the Bad. They may even have a closer interest still in the matter, like Lord Westbury, who is a director of an hotel at Carlsbad, and also leads the fashionable crowd there.

* * *

Pat-Ball

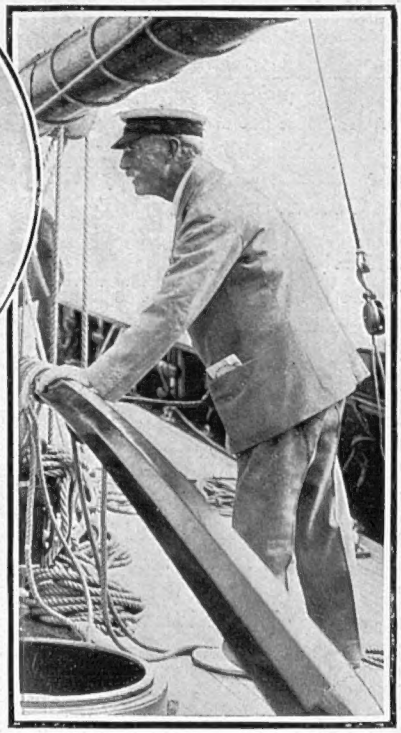
Mr. Balfour is among the Bad people, and has been staying at Bad Gastein, certainly for no reasons of health, for he is just now in the pink of condition, and playing lawn tennis like a two-year-old, though not exactly like a champion. If he liked to come back——. But it's really far more pleasant, no doubt, just to smile from afar in good-humoured Olympian amusement at the flounderings of erstwhile "B.M.G.'s." They do play such pat-ball!

* * *

Mentally Deficient

The mentally deficient are being dealt with in the concluding business of Parliament this week, but outside the House the silly season

SIR SAMUEL EVANS
President of the Divorce Court, talking with his friends

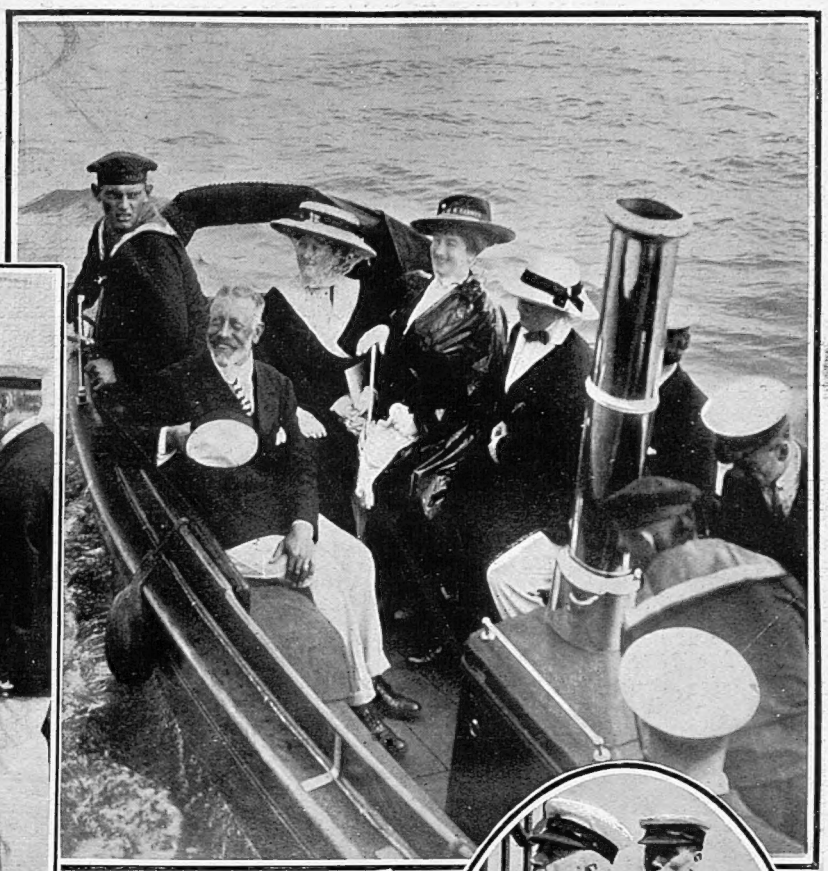


LORD DUNRAVEN

Personalities Ashore and Afloat

correspondence rages unabated, and a large part of the newspaper on which I spend 1*d.* or ½*d.* every morning and evening is occupied by the speculations or dogmatisings of obscure persons with an inadequate command of English as to how husbands ought to conduct their married lives, whether it is possible to marry on less than £1,000 a year, "Are women worse than their mothers?" and so on.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Of the yacht "North Star," landing with guests on the R.Y.S. steps. Mrs. Vanderbilt was a guest at the Royal dinner-party on the "Victoria and Albert"

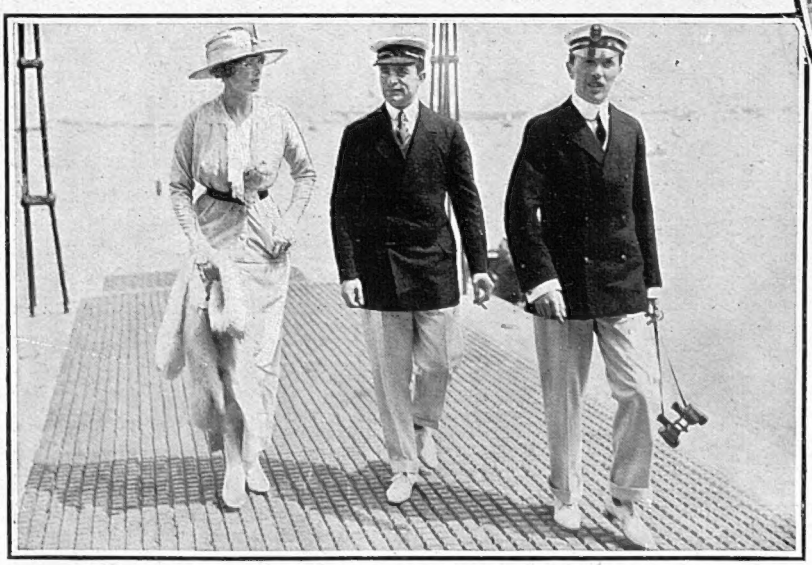


PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA LEAVING THE "METEOR"
The Kaiser's yacht, after the race for His Majesty's Cup. With H.I.H. are Lady Ormonde, Priscilla Countess of Annesley, and Lady Constance Butler

Killing Two Birds

Of course, this is an off-season for both news and advertisements, and so this correspondence idea has become a traditional August dodge for killing two birds with one stone—supplying matter of "human interest" and at the same time getting it free, to counterbalance the lack of advertisement revenue. But is it necessary that the subjects selected—which, of course, are started by the office staff, writing as "Mother of Nine" or "Indignant Dowager"—should be chosen for quite such a low plane of intelligence?

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD
Looking rather out of his element



VISCOUNTESS CURZON AND (EXTREME RIGHT) HER HOST
Baron Goldschmidt, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz

Brown Bowlers and Slit Trousers

Newspaper "Intelligence"

Daily papers are far too much inclined to underestimate the mental capacity of their readers. And is it not rather humiliating practically to confess that it is only to Tom, Dick, and Harry—or, worse still, Thomas, Richard, and Henry—that you expect your newspaper to appeal? That correspondence *can* be made really interesting and valuable is amply shown by the case of the *Times*. But if you start a third-rate hare you can only expect the third-rate dog to follow it.

***

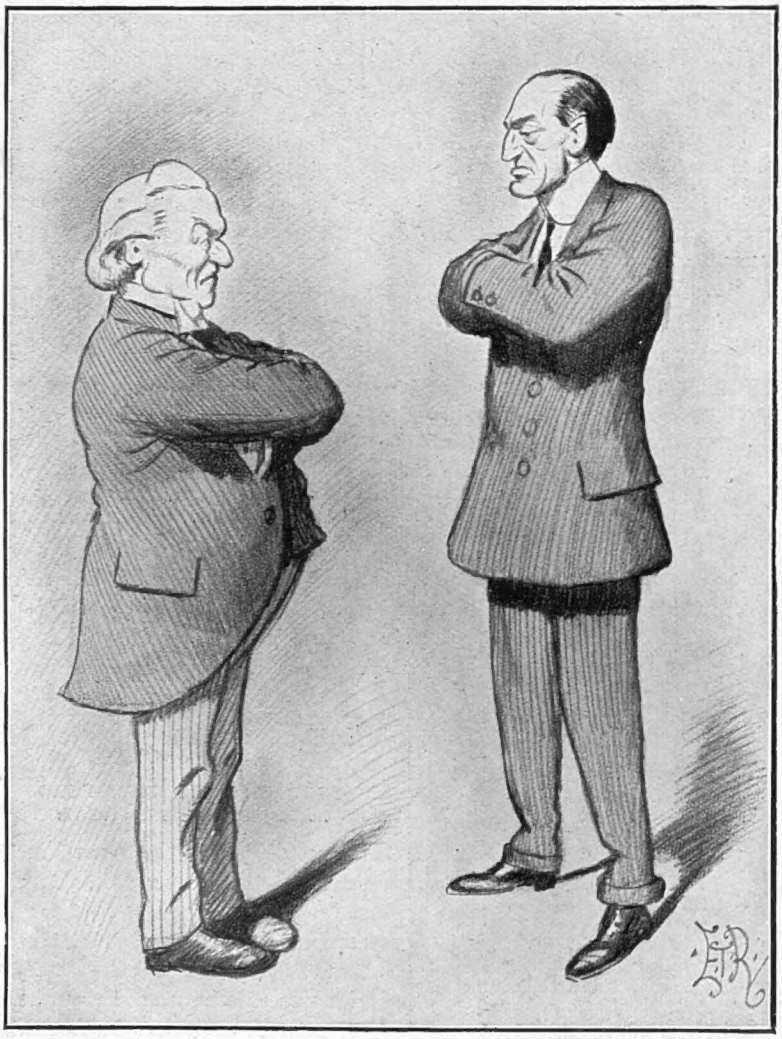
Hats for Men

At last men are getting some sort of a share in the dress question, but, as might be expected, it is only a very tiny one, and chiefly hinges on to the question of when, why, and where they should be allowed to wear—brown or white bowlers? Imagine women discussing the wearing of any particular kind of hat! It would be out of fashion long before the discussion had passed its opening stages. A halfpenny contemporary solemnly assures us that brown bowlers should only be worn with brown beards, but adding for our information that brown beards are not very plentiful at present comes logically and regretfully to the conclusion that brown bowlers cannot possibly become general. All of which seems to prove that if lack of brown may seem a deprivation, so does a lack of grey matter.

***

Trousering Notes

Meantime, while America is proposing, apparently in the interests of the hosiery trade, to introduce slit trousers for men—slit from knee to ankle, I hasten to add—a medical journal has been making a violent attack on the turned-up trouser. Women having given up, with long skirts, the fashion of acting as scavengers of the dirt in the streets, men, we are told, have now taken up the job of carrying it away in the turn-up of their trousers. There are a good many replies to this, one of which is that if the active and intelligent London dirt does succeed in taking a flying leap into one's turned-up trouser leg, men have a way of brushing their clothes or having them brushed daily which ought to neutralise this phenomenon. It is only women, as a rule, whom one sees with yesterday's or the day before's mud spots on their clothes.



NOT LIKELY!

ASQUITH (soliloquising): "Shall we ever induce him to hold his 'Hand's Up'?"
CARSON (ditto): "Will annybhody iver induce him to put his Fhoot Dhown?"

By E. T. Reed

***

More "Romances"

More wedding "romances!" The "romantic" engagement of Miss Sackville-West, only heir to the Sackville half-million secured by the recent will case, to Mr. Harold Nicolson is now "officially" announced after having been denied; the "romantic" wedding of Mr. Arthur Walter, stockbroker, to the daughter of Mr. Solomon Joel, millionaire, has been "dramatically disclosed;" and the marriage of Lord Rocksavage to the heiress, Miss Sybil Sassoon, has already been "romantically" performed in a registry office.

***

"Professional Experts"

The "romance"—I'm afraid one can't get away from it—of the Charlotte Brontë letters turns out to throw really very little fresh light on Charlotte herself. They show that she was a bundle of nerves and emotions, and that she had a strong attachment for her Professor, all of which we knew before. The only thing they do prove is the ignorance or unscrupulousness of some of her biographers. The "sub-editing" of the letters for her own purposes by Mrs. Gaskell, who seems to have had access to them, is only equalled by the efforts of those who, also to fit their theories, drew on their imaginations for the contents.

Home from the Wars

PAX BALKAN-ICA

PEACE: "Upon my word, I'm beginning to think that 'Bellona' has quite a nice, soft job compared to mine!! I was quite young and good-looking when I went into those beastly Balkans—*Now look at me!!!—and* the bird!!!"

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Death-Toll of Progress

Popularity

It was a very flying visit that the King and Queen of Spain paid to England, and there was widespread regret among Bank Holiday visitors and snapshotters generally at his Hispanic Majesty's absence from Cowes Week. He is always such a picturesque and popular figure, and faces the camera abroad with the same dauntless courage as the revolutionary in his own country.

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Who Are They?

While Their Majesties of Spain were in Town, by the way, their guests, or, rather, those invited to meet them at the Spanish Embassy, included the Duque and Duquessa de Ciudad Rodrigo. The names sound unfamiliar, and, indeed, their present bearers are hardly ever heard of, even under their English titles, which are "Duke and Duchess of Wellington." Apsley House, that ugly and desolate erection, is the chief and sufficiently prominent reminder to Londoners nowadays that there was once an "Iron Duke." Its blinds on the Hyde Park side, by the way, have just been drawn up for the first time in about half a century.

* *
*

An Example of Grit

Poor Cody! His personal grit and his great contribution to dynamic flight in England deserved a better fate than that of being numbered, with his passenger, thirty-two and thirty-three on the dreary death-roll of British aviation. No flying man will be more widely mourned either among the exponents of flight or the general public. In the early days he was probably the most jeered-at of all the pioneers. Single-handed, without money, without technical knowledge, with very few friends, but with limitless confidence in his own powers, he laboured toward what measure of mastery of the air is given to man. And he succeeded, both as constructor and aviator, as he alone expected to succeed. The most jeered man became the most cheered man.

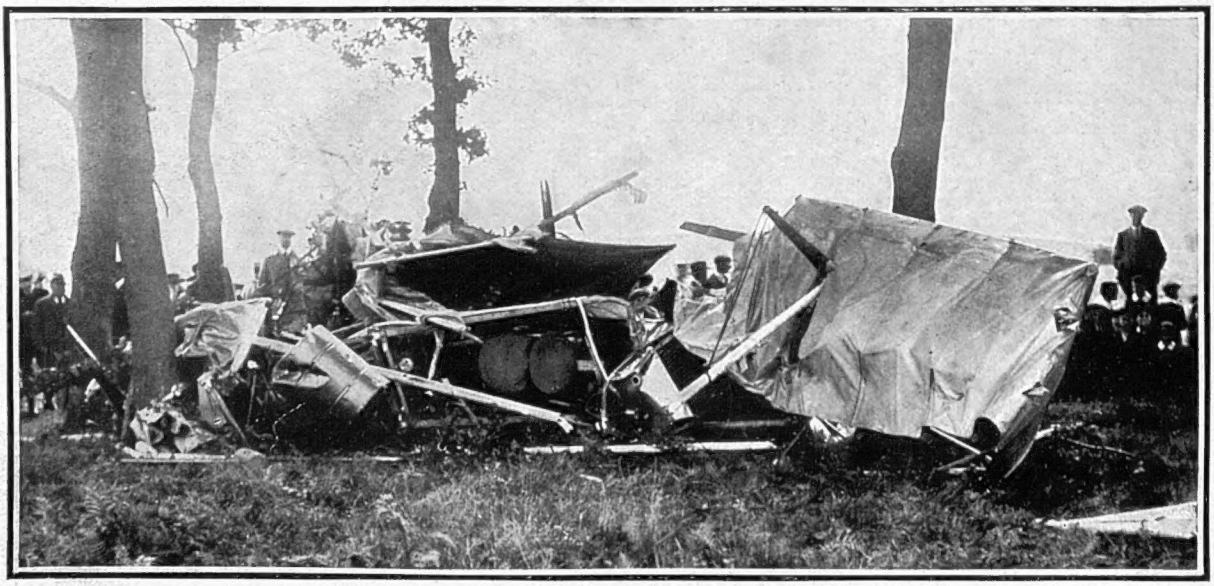
THE LATE COLONEL CODY

Who was killed last week as the result of an accident to his hydro-aeroplane while flying with a passenger at Aldershot

* *
*

Boyish Enthusiasm

He loved limelight and public applause. The showman was in the blood of him. He always spoke, and he was always speaking—in the first person singular. You gathered that the world and work of aviation consisted of Cody, "the father of dynamic flight in England" and the "All-Cody machine." Yet it was impossible to be angry or hurt. He was so obviously sincere, so boyishly enthusiastic. There was not a trace of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness in him. And he had no vainglorious ideas about being a hero or a martyr. He was "flying for his wife and family." He achieved great things against great adversity, and his work came to be respected and admired by the greatest of the technicians.



COLONEL CODY'S WRECKED HYDRO-AEROPLANE

On Thursday last Colonel Cody took Mr. W. H. B. Evans for a passenger flight on his hydro-aeroplane at Aldershot. The machine had only been in the air some few minutes when the propeller broke, and the aeroplane came crashing to earth from four hundred feet up. How utterly it was smashed up may be seen from the photograph. Both airman and passenger were instantly killed

With Hounds and Horn in the Morning

THE OPENING MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

THE HOUNDS ARRIVE AT CLOUTSHAM

Early in the morning in readiness for the stag-hunt last Wednesday. Cloutsham is a little Somerset village on Exmoor

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEET

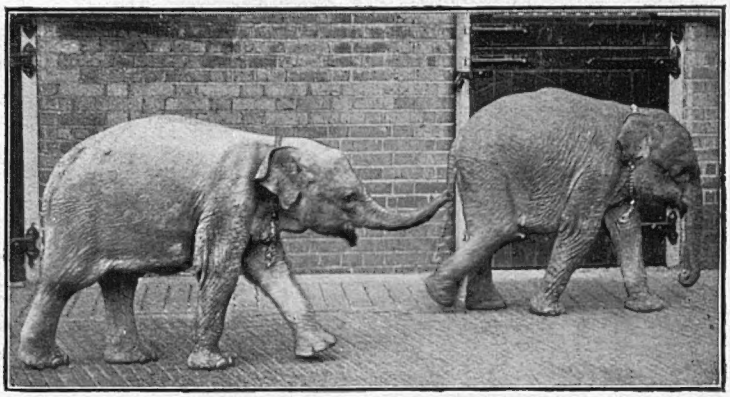
The opening meet of the famous Devon and Somerset Staghounds took place at Cloutsham, Somerset, last week, whither came hunting people from many miles round to take part in the first hunt of the season. There was a field of between 600 or 700 horsemen and horsewomen, while many more hundreds, as may be seen from the photograph, followed by road on bicycles or over the fields on foot

Nothing Doing in August!

SO SAYS THE DAILY PRESS—AND YET—

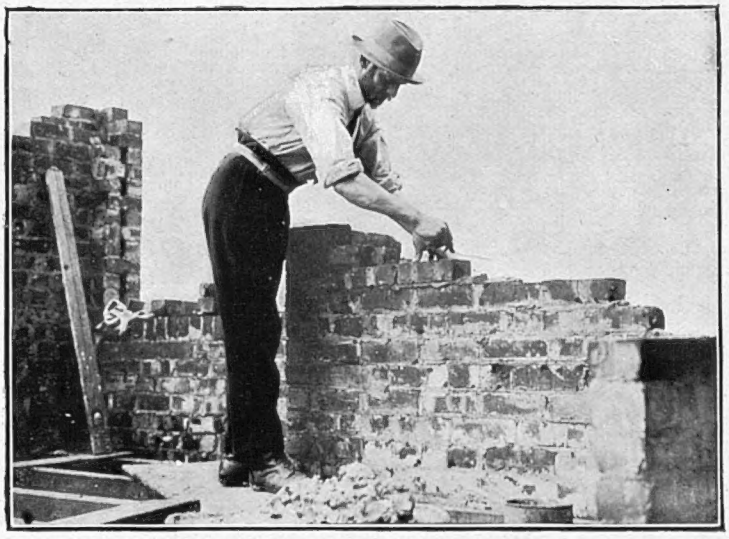
MR. HALL CAINE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED IN HIS BATH GOWN

Of course, entirely unaware of the presence of a mere mundane photographer in Greeba Castle, though the impromptu effect has been rather spoiled by the presence of the great man's clothes underneath



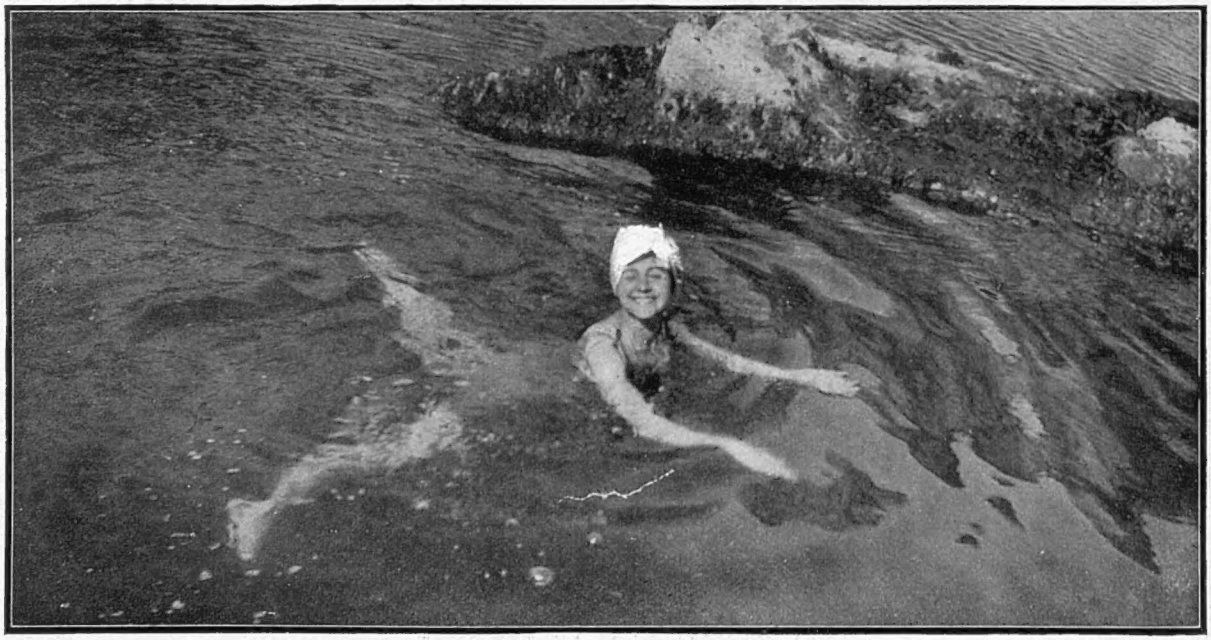
BABY JUMBO AND BABY JIMBO COLLECTED FOR CHARITY

The sum of seventeen pounds, fourteen shillings and fourpence, for the West Sussex Hospital at Chichester, and attended a garden-party given to the Medical Congress at Strawberry Hill by Lord Michelham entirely undeterred by the prospect of forming an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror"



MR. ALBERT NICHOLLS LAID A BRICK

With his very own hands in the process of building his house at Manchester



AND PRINCESS BARIATINSKY WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BATHING OFF THE DORSET COAST

As seen in the photograph, the Princess was very upset by the undesired presence of the intruding snapshotter

Spurious Silliness

THE PRESENT SEASON OF THE YEAR AS IT IS AND AS IT APPEARS IN THE PRESS

My Dear Bystander,—This present, according to the newspapers, is the Silly Season. Firstly, I wish to ask why? Because people are taking their holidays—a most pre-eminently wise and sensible practice, approved by the medical and legal professions, the clergy and all schoolmasters—why does the world about which newspapers are supposed to give information presume to become suddenly silly? If the contention is that events cease to happen at this time of year, the news-columns themselves give it the lie. At the moment of writing the affairs of Europe are in a more complicated state than they have been before within my memory, and a conference is being held upon which the fate of pretty well half the Continent depends. We are still (*vide* Mr. Garvin) six ships short, we have hardly any aeroplanes—though the *Daily Mail* has a fleet of sand-ships—while our defensive arm on land has got rheumatism as badly as ever. In South Africa, the Empire has found itself face to face with one of the gravest problems it has ever had to tackle. At home, there continues in power a Government which is, we are assured, one of the most corrupt and dangerous that has ever held office. The fact that its members are themselves on holiday does not in any way lessen their power for evil. Hanging over the United Kingdom are still the dread perils of disruption, invasion, disestablishment and rebellion, while Socialism is, I believe, going as strong as ever. Things are, in fact, in every bit as shocking a way in August as they were in May, or will be again in October.

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True, Parliament is not sitting; but we have been informed that Parliament, nowadays, is an affair of no interest whether it sits or doesn't sit. The papers which are loudest in their talk of the Silly Season are shortest in their Parliamentary reports. The Law Courts are up, it is true; but the great world of crime and misdemeanour goes its way. Men do not kill, or thieve, or burgle any the less in the holiday season: rather more, I imagine. My own house was burgled last August: several friends committed suicide: others disappeared in mysterious circumstances, and I missed a ten-pound note from my pocket-book while on my holiday. If that sort of thing was happening to me, a mere private individual, I am sure it was happening generally elsewhere, and on a bigger scale. I repeat, news happens every bit as much in the holiday season as at any other time of the year, and it is news just as interesting and equally entitled to be chronicled.

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Suppose, however, I grant that the "upness" of the Courts and Parliament and the "awayness" of Society denudes the papers of certain of their stock features, why not, then, give us smaller newspapers, special half-numbers at half price as at other seasons some papers have double numbers at double price? Being away on our holidays we shall not complain: on the contrary, we ought to be relieved, if the object of a holiday is to rest our brains. If, however, the empty space has to be filled up sillily, for goodness sake let us be honest about it and *be* silly.

Loosen upon us, my dear editor, your funny men. On with the nose-paint and out with the bladder. Hit us over the head, dig us in the ribs, play pranks on us, let us see how silly we are, and make us look sillier still. That is what you ought to do, and it is precisely what you don't. Having christened it yourself the Silly Season you proceed to make it grossly belie its name. You introduce it to us with bald pate and spectacles, not a Pantaloon, but a Pedagogue. The discussions go deep down into the very roots of our beliefs, our morals, our private lives. You make us think of our future state and—worse still—our present. One paper having made us doubt whether we believe in Hell, others shatter our faith in Femininity. A nice state of mind to get us into at this season of year when we are so liable to be in close association with either—or both—of these kindred institutions.

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Can you deny, Mr. Editor, that these subjects are as little silly as any that could be chosen? Papers receive the letters, and therefore, have to print them! I know they do, but from whom? Do they seriously suppose the public to believe that the anonymous word-spinners who appear at this season of the year are *bona-fide* members of itself, and that their communications are spontaneous expressions of genuine sentiments? Do the public not know well enough that these dreary lucubrations are the result of conferences of editorial staffs, that "A Modern Mother" is Smith, the assistant sub-editor, "High Church Vicar" is Jones, the new reporter, "Girl of the Moment" is fifty-year-old Miss Brown, the Society editress, and that "Dancing Man," Mr. Editor, is your ponderous and preoccupied self?

* * *

If you can't give us Silly Season fare, why keep up the Silly Season myth? As August comes along it is as much in your power to crowd the paper with news as to empty it. Is it beyond the journalistic power to arrange a series of good varied crimes for the Silly Season? The public would have much more respect for journalists if, instead of shedding ink, they would shed blood. I have said already that crime goes on irrespective of dates. But if it does not need encouragement it can always do with colouring. The journalistic touch can impart mystery to a pikestaff. The police may know that the "wanted" one is the guilty one, but there's nothing to prevent the Press in the noble cause of mystification "wanting" scores. American newspapers, when they get hold of a good murder, do it thoroughly. They don't rest content until they've mixed everybody up in it from the President down to W. R. Hearst. They envisage the whole world with the eyes of the man-hunter, and allow no minor episode, such as a fire, collision, or motor accident, to escape some sort of connection with the mystery. Would people object to our Press taking part in the design and embellishment of works of crime? My dear sir, they wouldn't. They would infinitely prefer spurious thrilliness to spurious silliness.

Downwriter.

A Summer Afternoon's Entertainment

WITH NATURAL SCENERY AND EFFECTS

BY "JINGLE"

THE entertainment took place in the open air; and I was, as far as I am aware, all the audience that was present. For this occasion only I occupied a private box, the same being an old punt moored by a rope at each end to the branch of a tree. The scenery being quite natural, was, from our artistic standpoint, necessarily a trifle crude. It consisted of a little winding river—never in any place more than forty feet across—banked by trees whose topmost branches met overhead to form a pleasant shelter from the noonday sun. The defect of this kind of scenery is that it does not allow for the play of the limelight. Consequently one or two of those who took part in the entertainment had no opportunity of showing themselves off, and had to be judged by the merit of their performance alone; and everyone knows what a severe test this is for even the most conscientious artist. The picture was, nevertheless, a supremely restful one. Except for the impudent yellow of a water-lily here and there, which strove with regrettable taste to attract more than its share of attention, the prevailing hue of the scenery was green; everywhere green, with that little strip of water bubbling lazily through it, realising the old dream of Paradise (a dream born of the sun-baked lands of the East) as a place of rich pastures and cooling streams. In Islam, for the same reason, green is a holy colour, and the true believer—especially if he come from the desert—can never have a doubt of its fitting sanctity.

For the moment then I was in Paradise, and—I do not say it boastingly—I was the only human being there. I had come ostensibly to fish, but I lacked a proper diligence in my pursuit of the gentle art; besides, there was a light wind blowing from the east, and honest Izaak has taught us to pray, being honest anglers, for any other wind but that. The prospect of sport being consequently poor, I reclined at ease in my punt, prepared to accept what nature might offer me in the way of a summer afternoon's entertainment. There was a rather long wait before the curtain went up, as it were; but presently there were signs that the show was positively about to begin. The overture was given by a skylark which sang "off," as we say in theatrical circles. That is, it could be heard but it was not to be seen. Its song was admirably rendered in all respects, and I was pleased to notice that so far, at any rate, the craze for ragtime does not appear to have received any sort of encouragement in ornithological circles. As the overture died away, a swallow vol-planéd down beside my punt, and for several minutes gave a really artistic exhibition of high-class aviation, "banking" as it turned in the small arena, and rising from the surface of the water with all the accuracy and skill of a *Daily Mail* hydroplane. Then it flew away—whither I could not see. I knew only that it could not stay there, since, according to the pious legend, the swallow may not alight upon anything that is green.

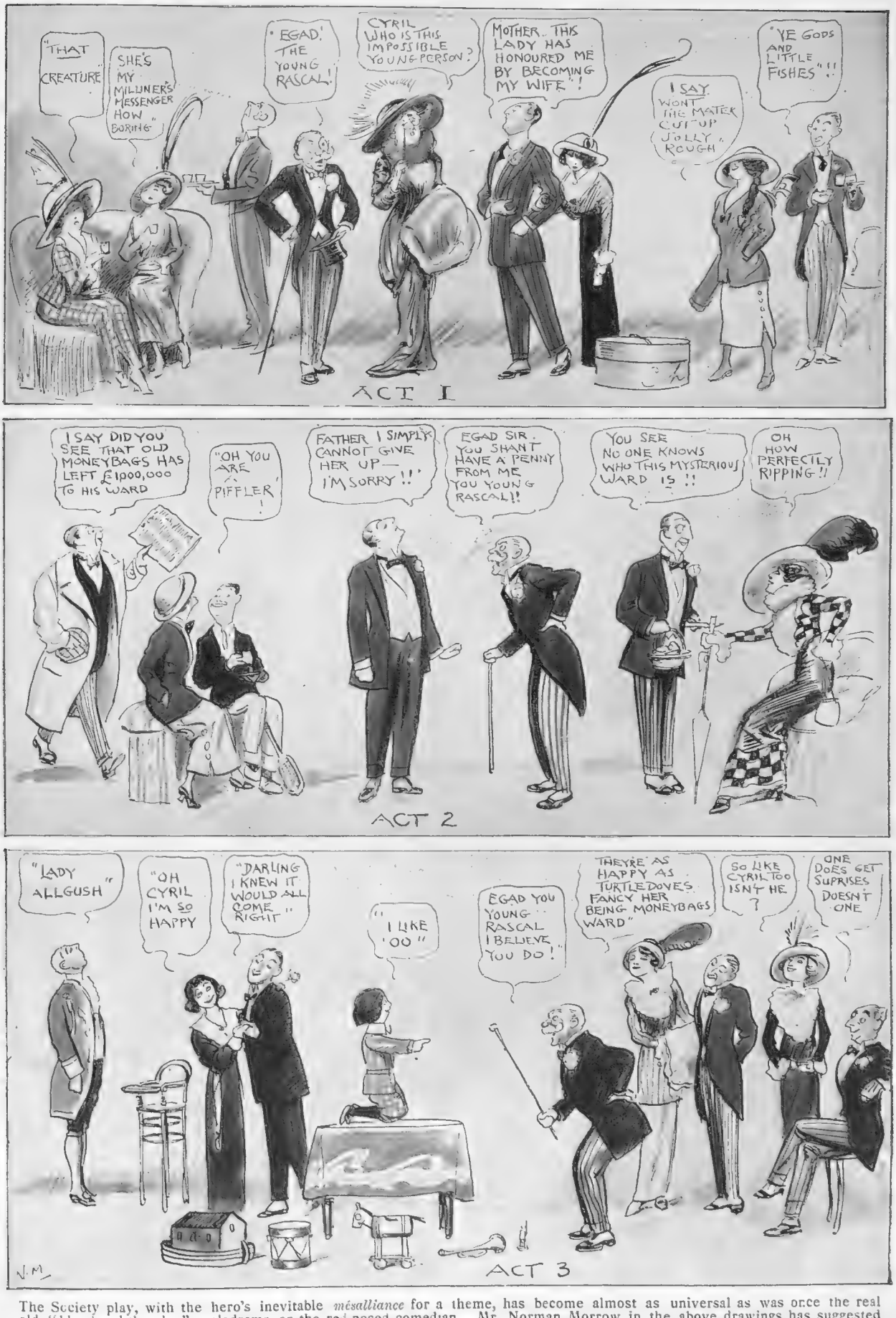
After that there was a tolerably long entr'acte, and then the entertainment was resumed with what is known on the real stage as a "comic interlude." An elderly and quite disreputable-looking thrush hopped sadly to the edge of the bank, and gazed with a tired and mournful look at the peaceful waters gliding beneath him. A moment later a young and sprightly female of his kind hopped after him and chirped at him for the best part of a minute, during which he stood with half-closed eyes and a general air of Christian resignation. I could not say for certain what the trouble was; but from the male bird's ruffled appearance I felt justified in concluding that he had only just got home after a very long night out, and that his lady was reminding him of the fact with the muscular volubility peculiar to the sex under the trying circumstances. Once, as the lady paused for breath, he observed in a dejected manner, "cheep-cheep!" but this was evidently regarded as a ridiculously insufficient excuse, and the lady took up the running again with renewed vigour; while the old reprobate looked at me from a watery eye with a sympathetic glance that seemed to say: "You understand. Married man yourself, no doubt!" Presently he gave a little shiver—the lady had doubtless been more than ordinarily personal—and flew away. She at once followed; and in the distance I could hear her at him still, and I have no doubt in my own mind that she was resolved that he should hear her to the end, if she had to chase him all round the fair county of Surrey in order to achieve her purpose.

In the next part of the entertainment I myself took a share. I am, it is true, not a professional entertainer; but my excuse is that I was drawn into this "turn." I had taken a sandwich from its box, intending to apply it to my own sole and personal use. An ill-bred wasp, however, thought fit to interfere. It sat down in the front row of the sandwich, and glared at me, at the same time wagging its very hot tail in a distinctly threatening manner. One does not discuss mean trifles of this kind with one's inferiors, and I, therefore, left the brute in possession of the sandwich, and selected another for myself. Almost simultaneously there was an ominous buzzing in the air, and I found myself surrounded by more wasps than I had any possible use for. I cannot speak positively, but my impression is that I saw the first wasp place two of its fingers in its mouth, and give a long low whistle as a signal to its friends for miles round that a greenhorn was recklessly exposing real food in a part of the country where it would seem wasps were hard put to it to get a satisfying meal. It was not then a question as to who should have the sandwiches so much as who should occupy the punt itself; and as I have sense enough to know when I am beaten, I crawled out on to the bank and left the marauders in possession. It was a rather saucy ending to a vision of Paradise; but it is written that every rose has its thorn. And I have already learned by experience that every wasp has—its business end!

JINGLE

Plays We Know All About

NO. 1.—THE SOCIETY PLAY



The Society play, with the hero's inevitable *mésalliance* for a theme, has become almost as universal as was once the real old "blood-and-thunder" melodrama or the red-nosed comedian. Mr. Norman Morrow in the above drawings has suggested the very obvious character of the modern dramatist's stock-in-trade

Spending August in England

MISS HANNAH RANDOLPH

Daughter of Mr. Philip Randolph, of Philadelphia, who is on a visit to England for the season. She is a niece of Mr. Anthony Drexel, and, therefore, cousin to the Viscountess Maidstone. Her great hobbies are riding and—in America—polo

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

WHO, WHAT, AND WHERE?

A FEW POLITE NOTES ABOUT PERSONALITIES

Swapping—— Horses?

An immense deal of talk is going on just now—especially in country-houses where they slaughter birds and reputations in equal quantities—about a change in the Unionist leadership. But a change what to? As someone remarked, "the mild dulness of Austen is only surpassed by the monumental dulness of Walter Long, and what we want is 'gip.' Law is, at least, very offensive sometimes, and even has a sort of glimmering of pawky humour about him."

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Boys Wanted

That there's some humour somewhere on the Unionist side is proved, I think, by the bathroom division on the War Office Vote, when Unionists were smuggled into the House and hid in all sorts of odd places till the bell rang. If they would only realise that it's only on these lines of boyish audacity and enterprise that the Party will ever have a dog's chance again! High-collared respectability and dreary fetishes are dead in politics—as elsewhere.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS ELIZABETH ROSSLYN

Sister of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Harold Smith, M.P., who has been appearing with much success in Mr. Harold Smith's play, "A March Hare," at the Ambassadors Theatre

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Matrimonial Objections

It takes considerable "ginger under the tail" to make the public buck nowadays, but a more or less divorced man as Tory leader, as some people are suggesting, would be too much even for our 1913 *laissez faire*. And a wife to act as hostess is a necessity to a political leader. His ducal rival's matrimonial trouble has been similarly converted, at the last moment, and through *very* influential intervention, into a "separation"—unofficial, at present. But he, too, is out of the running.

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The Risks of Limelight

Private life, of course, has nothing to do really with politics, but even the Gerties and Julias of musical comedy, who (presumably) know less about these matters than anyone, could tell you that it would never do at this particular moment to risk providing such a useful retort to the Marconi election cry, which is going to be exploited for all and more than all it's worth.

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Where the "Gag" Failed

Talking of divorces—and one must confess they've provided rather a lot of conversation lately—it was a great pity, from many people's point of view, that the influential intervention did *not* succeed in the Crawshay-Williams case, and that the lapses of Mr. Lloyd George's Secretary were so publicly revealed.

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Where?

Only one point was left vague, and that was about the incident referred to as happening "in Wales." Wales is a biggish place. Was it Aberdovey, or Abergavenny, or Llanfairfechan, or Llandudno, or—Criccieth? No, of course, that's where the Chancellor lives.

Photograph *Kirk and Sons*

MRS. ELINOR GLYN (on right) AND HER DAUGHTER

Mrs. Glyn is, of course, the well-known author of "Visits of Elizabeth," "His Hour," "Three Weeks," and other works. She was at Cowes last week, having returned with Miss Glyn from Carlsbad, where she has been staying, amidst the usual flock of Grand-Dukes, writing a new novel

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A Recipe

Advice to modern Don Juans. — Always praise the lady's intellect to start with. You may thus form a "friendship" that nothing but Sir Samuel Evans can disturb.

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R.I.B. (Requiesco in Bogota)

"I feel like a petrel;"
Said Mr. Ll. G.
"*I* feel more like petrol,"
Said Lord M. of E.
"My palms are too oily,
I can't cross the sea
Till storms are all over
And R.I.'s L.C."

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Worth Another Banquet

An ingenuous contemporary has been trying to put a spoke in the inevitable appointment of Sir Rufus as Lord Chief by demonstrating that he was only nineteen when he became a member of the Stock Exchange—and swore he was twenty-one. It is understood that if this is really proved he will be given a public breakfast at the National Liberal Club.

The Bunglings of Officialdom

Purely Professional

Sir Edward Carson, I am told, has explained privately to Unionist friends that he was misled over the Marconi business. Until the *Matin* case had actually come on he believed everything was O.K., and took the brief in complete innocence of the fact that his clients had been up to the neck in the American variety. There *are* cases, of course, in which a lawyer prefers his client not to confide in him too thoroughly, and doubtless Sir Rufus, knowing this, refrained, purely out of delicate consideration for a brother practitioner's professional success, from in any way tying his hands.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS CONSTANCE COMBE

Daughter of Lady Constance and Mr. Richard Combe, whose engagement to the Hon. E. Weld-Forester (1st Battn. Rifle Brigade), youngest son of Lord and Lady Forester, has just been announced

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The Bath Muddle

I hear the King was intensely annoyed over the Order of the Bath muddle, which has got at least one official into extremely hot water. It's really not surprising that K.C.B.'s and C.B.'s who had paid their fivers were so "shirty" at being shoved behind a shoal of more or less smart women who had no conceivable right in the Abbey at such a function, and seeing nothing at all of their own show. The official explanation took the simple form of telling the Knights they were liars, which, somehow, hardly satisfied them—or His Majesty.

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Official Howlers

Our present Sovereign, being a business man and without his father's easy sense of humour, is not inclined to pass over official bungling of this type. Recent instances have been rather too frequent. There was the rather unfortunate announcement, for one, that the King was to be "Duke of Lancaster" in loyal toasts in Lancashire in future. The official *Court Circular* (which Royalty reads, I may add, with a hawklike-eye) has tripped several times lately, and the other day stated that a well-known bachelor was accompanied at a great function by his wife!

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The Wrong Building

And, perhaps most humorous of all, it has just been let out by an M.P. that the whole Admiralty building is a huge mistake. Another specimen of the official breed showed the wrong plans to Royalty, and afterwards, to avoid awkward questions, actually had the headquarters of the Navy built from designs which were intended (I believe) for a home for the mentally deficient!

Photograph] VISCOUNTESS CURZON *[Lallie Charles*

Who has been at Cowes for the Regatta, and was one of Baron Albert Goldschmidt's guests on board the "Narcissus"

Photograph *Bieber*

THE HEREDITARY GRAND-DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ

Who was also the guest of Baron Albert Goldschmidt on board the "Narcissus" at Cowes last week

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The Princess's Victims

Cowes is a place where, I'm afraid, gossip flourishes exceedingly—there's so little else to do. Last week—besides the absorbing subject of the social and other rivalry between Lady Curzon and Lady Drogheda—they were talking a good deal about the re-invasion of English Society by the Indian Princess, conqueror of marquises and rejector of rajahs, and whether the newest victim would commit himself irrevocably before he escaped from those certainly most fascinating Oriental charms.

Preparations for the Royal Wedding?

The Magnet

It was generally thought that the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz would not be able to keep away long from the attractions of this country, and, sure enough, after a very brief absence, he turned up again last week at Cowes. Not, as might have been expected, to stay with any of the "Royals," though among them were the Connaughts and Princess Patricia, but on the *Narcissus*, where Baron Albert Goldschmidt's guests also included Lady Drogheda and Lady Curzon.

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Changed Plans

A good deal of surprise was caused by the official announcement that the Queen was not going to Germany this month—the statement being couched in the rather offensively dictatorial terms Court officials affect, as if Royal personages considered it both unnecessary and impertinent for their movements to be chronicled at all, which is very, very far indeed from being the case. Her Majesty had certainly intended to make the visit, and there was some wonder why she changed her plans.

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No Assistance Needed

The only reason put forward is that of the preparations for the coming Royal wedding. But that is a far cry yet; besides, from what one knows of the Duchess of Fife she would hardly need any assistance in her arrangements. Like others of strong will and determined temperament, she has the complete courage of her own convictions, evidenced, among other things, by an enviable superiority to chops and changes of circumstance and fashion.

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On His Own—

So the Prince remains in Germany alone, after all—untutored, unchaperoned, and unshepherded! Only by a colossal effort of imagination can one picture his disappointment at the prospect.

RATHER TOO OBVIOUSLY "UNATTACHED"

The engagement of the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West and Mr. Harold Nicolson, third son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Nicolson, hinted at in "The Bystander" a few weeks ago, and at once "officially" denied, is now announced. This photograph was taken during the hearing of the recent Million Pound Will Case, to which Lady Sackville, mother of the bride-to-be, was a party

Photograph] MAR LODGE, BRAEMAR [*Bisset, Aboyne*

Whither the Duchess of Fife has gone to stay. This is all the more surprising in view of her forthcoming wedding, for one would have thought that the Duchess might have desired to stay in London to look after her "trousseau" now that October 15 is not far away. It is rumoured that after the Duchess's marriage to Prince Arthur of Connaught, the happy pair will begin married life at Mar Lodge

A Theme—With Variations

A small boy asked Lord Morley for a cigarette picture at the entrance of a District Railway Station.
—Evening News.

From the "Globe."—After Marconi, oil; and after oil, cigarettes! Is there to be no end to these subterranean mutterings, these persistent whisperings against the honour of Ministers? We do not for a moment impute corrupt motives to Lord Morley. Let that be clearly understood. Things, however, are being said in the City which it is the clear duty of the persons concerned to deny at the earliest possible moment. There is no smoke without fire—especially where cigarettes are concerned. We shall have more to say about this astounding incident to-morrow, etc., etc.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."—

ANOTHER SUFFRAGETTE OUTRAGE

WOMAN DISGUISED AS A BOY

LORD MORLEY ASSAULTED

Another outrage by a militant Suffragette of a peculiarly disgraceful nature was perpetrated yesterday. As he was entering a District Railway station Lord Morley was accosted by what he presumed to be a small boy, who innocently asked him for a cigarette picture. Before he had time to reply the boy slapped him three times on the face and slipped a clumsily made bomb into his coat-tail pocket. The detectives immediately arrested the boy, who turned out to be a notorious militant Suffragette at present out on licence. Suffragette literature was found on her person, and a card bearing the words "Release Mrs. Pankhurst!" [We cannot see the logic of this request, for there is no one in this country who is being so constantly released as the lady mentioned.] Lord Morley, after plunging the bomb into the usual bucket of water, walked away as if nothing had happened.

SCENE AT A DISTRICT STATION
Lord Morley is marked with an X. The men in the foreground are detectives
From the Daily Mirror

From the "London Mail."—*Things We Want to Know.*—Who it was Lord Morley was waiting for at the District Station, why the name of the station has not been allowed to transpire, and if there is any truth in the rumour that the "small boy" was employed by a certain agency which makes a speciality of finding out what Ministers do in their spare time.

From Mr. Algernon Ashton (*to all the papers*).—Sir,—I was lucky enough to get possession of the now famous cigarette picture which will always be associated with the name of Lord Morley. The picture, which is one of a historical series, represents the murder of David Rizzio, Queen Mary's secretary. I was astonished to find, however, that the date of the murder was given as 1567. This, of course, should be 1566. It was in 1567 that Darnley was murdered.—Yours, etc.,
Algernon Ashton
West Hampstead, N.W.

From "John Bull."—Readers of this journal will remember what we said about Lord Morley last week. We shall have more to say presently! Meanwhile mum's the word. If you see it in——but you know the rest!

From the "Times."—*An Orgy of Bad Manners.*—The accosting of Lord Morley by a small boy at a District Station with an impudent demand for a cigarette picture seems to bear out our theory that a Want of Manners synchronises with periods of industrial unrest in the world's history. We could fill columns——. [Not in *this* paper.—Ed. Bystander
W. Hodgson Burnet

WHAT WE SEE ON THE WAY TO THE SEA

AND WHAT WE SEE WHEN WE GET TO THE SEA

By Halliday

The Man Who Knew a Short Cut

AN EVERY-DAY TRAGEDY OF THE SEASIDE

BY W. E. WIGFULL

Paris in the Off Season

NOTES ON SPEAKING FRENCH IN FRANCE

A "ROAD UP" IN PARIS

Workmen laying down new electric light wires in the Pont-Neuf

Lonely

AT the entrance to a powder magazine near Metz, and in the neighbourhood of other public buildings in Alsace and in Lorraine, are placards warning visitors that French must not be spoken. The Parisian in August must often ask himself whether some such—*Französisch verboten*—order has not been posted up at the *sortie*, way-out, *ausgang*, of the Paris railway stations. The Parisian in Paris during August would be very lonely if he were here; but, of course, officially, he never is here at all. He has several ways of going away. The simplest and most popular is to put on nice white trousers and brown or white shoes, leave his waistcoat at his closely-shuttered home, and explain to any friend whom he may happen to meet on the *boulevards* that he hasn't a minute to spare, because he is on his way through from Falsehood Plage to Lie-sur-Mer.

Seaside Make-up

This method of taking the August holiday entails, of course, the purchase of a little seaside make-up from the theatrical hair-dresser, for use during the early days of September. By the 15th the "tan" may be allowed to be worn off, and the only mental strain required is to remember to say that "It is difficult, *bon sang*, to get accustomed to town life again," when you meet acquaintances who, very possibly, are lying too. But some Parisians really do go away. We know this—not so much because you don't find them in the streets, as because the newspapers in August publish what they call "*enquêtes*" on the holiday tasks of the dramatic authors and writers and painters and musicians of Paris.

Amusing Reading

The answers to these *enquêtes* are most instructive reading, and the amount of work these distinguished people have in hand at their sumptuous country seats used to make me quite sorry for them. I thought it awfully hard lines that these dear folk who rack their poor brains to amuse and interest the public should have to work so hard during their holidays. My heart really bled for them.

Work—Real and Imaginary

Then, one summer, I cut out the list of work which they were going to do, lost it, and—as papers will—it bobbed up on my desk one morning in autumn when I was looking for THE BYSTANDER cheque. I read it again, and tried to compare it with the work they really had done. I don't think I ever made so many enemies in a short space of time as I made in the next few days by asking them what had become of all that promised work. I remember one man though told the truth. He wrote: "My dear *confrère*,—You ask me to tell you what work I have on hand during my August holiday. I will tell you. The scullery door needs a lick of green paint badly. I am going to see to that. The catch on the hencoop will have to be mended; and all the rest of my time will be taken up stretching the cords of the hammocks."

French Waiters

If I have time this summer I intend exploring Paris and seeing how much French I am allowed to talk there during an afternoon. I had lunch at the *Café de la Paix*—(Swank!—what?)—the other afternoon. I forgot where I was, and spoke French to the waiter. He said, "Yes, sir!—Bifteck or muttonschopp?" I refused to understand him, and stared. He suggested, "*Kalbsbraten oder Wienerschnitzel?*" I shook my head at him, and he either recommended a Russian dish or gave an excellent imitation of a faulty siphon—I am not quite certain which. Then I said sternly, in my best French, "Say, then, but I think that you pay yourself my head!" He replied that it was August, what would I that he should say to me? I told him I didn't care what he said, so long as he said it in French. And he said, "*Zut alors!*" so I got very small satisfaction out of *that*.

At a Music Hall

I went to a music hall in the evening, and dodged interpreters in several languages before I was allowed to buy a seat. The show consisted of German acrobats and young ladies from Blackpool and "eccentrics komics" from America. There was also a conjuror from Japan, and a fat gentleman from Italy who wore a little green hat with a feather in it, and sang Tyrolean songs with a Whitechapel accent. In the interval I made the acquaintance of a foreign princess in disguise—(an excellent disguise, too, it was!)—who asked me, with a German accent, to buy her "a glass beer." I didn't understand. She tried me in German: I didn't understand that. Then, in both languages and some indignation, she asked me what my nationality was. I said I was Danish, and to prove it I murmured, "*Skaal! Hjertelige Lykonskning! Velbekommeddig! Tak for Maden!*"—which is most of the Danish I know.

Real French

She called up another princess to help her, and I am nearly sure that the new-comer spoke a Cambodgian dialect. I begged the waiter to tell the young women that the only language I really knew was French, and he said that he dare not risk his reputation with such an assertion, for nobody would believe it. My experience of Paris in August is that you must go to the *Gare du Nord* and the *Gare St. Lazare* if you really

"The Aviary"

"Sumer is icumen in, loud sing cukoo." Possibly: that's all very well for cuckoos, but wise ostriches, birds of paradise, and others will lie low and sing (if they must sing) quite softly at the approach of summer for the very excellent reason illustrated above

BY NORMAN MORROW

want to hear French spoken. You are pretty certain to get some there from the new arrivals from England. They are really quite painstaking, and say, "*Esker*" and "*Kesker*" and "*Kel ay ler shemang poor ler Grand Hotel sivvooplay?*" and "*Kel ay ler voter?*" and "*Ler mame a vous ay beaucoup der les,*" quite charmingly. Also, "*Voici bonheur!*" But there are, of course, people in Paris in August who do speak French French. This is, if anything, more difficult to understand, for a Parisian, than the other languages; because it is the French of the provinces. I love the provincial Frenchman and Frenchwoman in Paris in August. Their determination not to be overcharged is so refreshing. They have views on the price of eggs and vegetables and fruit in the restaurants. They bargain with the conductors of the omnibuses to take a ha'penny less, they wear their Sunday blacks, and carry dear little covered baskets and their great-grand-uncle's umbrella, and the hats worn by both sexes are a dream! Then, in the *cafés*, the whole family consults over what they will have, and they call the waiter "*Monsieur,*" and divide a cup of coffee among two and the child. They are really very charming, and I love them. But a word in that coral ear of yours, friend the reader. I prefer them in their home. In Paris they make me feel lonely, because, though in it, they are somehow not of it—and there are so many of them!

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

A CIGAR TRAGEDY

Shopping at Schauder's

The Berlin Bystander was yesterday mixed in a tragedy, recollection of which has quenched his appetite. It happened during shopping with his wife Catherine, at Schauder's in Folterstrasse. Shopping is everywhere a gloomy game; and when you take out shopping an enormous bulldog like our "Bathingsuit" tragedy is inevitably near.

Frau Zimkat Objects

First we had trouble in the Underground. In the Underground only small dogs are admitted; and "Bathingsuit" is not only big, but he calls attention to his bigness by growling. At Victoria-Luisenplatz in got our friend, Frau Pastor Zimkat, the broadest matron 'twixt here and Pankow. She took offence at "Bathingsuit," and said icily, "If you read the notice you will see that only dogs that can be carried on the lap are admitted. Is yours a lap dog?" "It depends on the lap," said Catherine.

"Bathingsuit's" Creation

The adventure at Schauder's was the creation of "Bathingsuit," whom on arriving (only lap dogs may enter) we left chained up in the porch with Herr Porter Barz. After ending our purchases we made for the entrance, and came upon a thunderous tumult. A dozen red-faced gentlemen were screaming and gesticulating fiercely; Herr Porter Barz, with flaming face, was vainly explaining some mystery; and a policeman was screaming loudest of all. "*Nein, nein, meine Herren, warten Sie doch ein Augenblick!*" We jumped to the conclusion that "Bathingsuit" had bitten Herr Barz. The offence, we quickly learned, was much more grave.

Economy in Excelsis

Germans, being thrifty people, hate to waste their cigars. And as it's *strengst verboten* when shopping to smoke (even lap) cigars, the emporiums have at their doors brass racks with neatly numbered grooves. As you go in you drop your cigar in, say, groove No. 11; and when you leave you reclaim and relight it. Catherine says she cannot imagine that any man who abandoned a German cigar could want. . . . But Catherine does not realise the strength of Germans, nor does she realise the weakness of our bulldog "Bathingsuit."

Exit the Cigars

Whether "Bathingsuit" was incensed by the smell of cigars or whether he hoped to pose as a shopper, we do not know; but the rest is plain. While Herr Porter Barz was helping a lady's purchases into her automobile "Bathingsuit" made for the cigar-rack, sniffed cigar No. 6, ignored cigar No. 7, and when he drew nigh to cigar No. 15 raised his paw, and swept a dozen cigars from their grooves to the ground. When Herr Porter Barz returned he found the dozen smoking in death-agony in the dust.

Herr Barz Palters—

Had Herr Barz been a fearless porter he would have put the cigars in a row, explained the tragedy, and bid each owner choose his weed by nose, vision, taste, or luck. Being cowardly, he paltered. He restored the cigars indiscriminately to twelve empty grooves, and prayed the smokers might not know the difference.

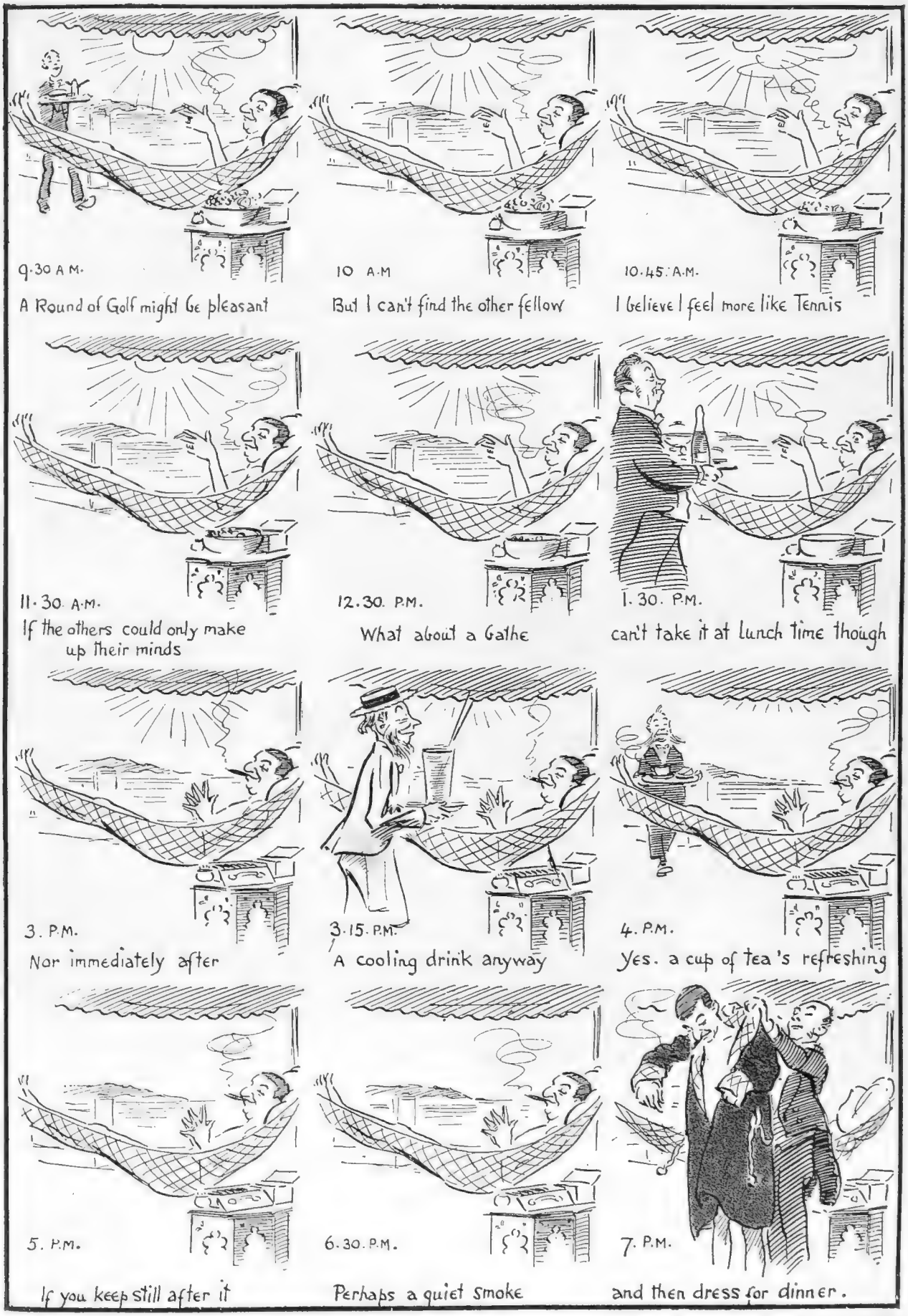
—With Heart-rending Results

His prayer seemed answered. The first finished shopper took out of groove 22 a cigar which belonged to groove 17, and went off puffing. The second smoker found in his own number, 17, where he had left a grim Manila, a fierce Flor Bülow from Hamburg. And, sniffing the fragrance streaming back from the shopper who'd left before him, he recognised his Manila. He ran after the robber; began with mild remonstrance, then with indignant indictment. Hardly had he parried the robber's first blow when ten other smokers began rushing from Schauder's, each claiming his best cigar, and getting (he fondly imagined) indisputably the worst. Dreading to lose his job, Herr Porter Barz said nothing. Within few moments, the Schauder porch was filled with red-faced, angrily protesting men; and the words, "Cigar!" "Thief!" "Havana!" "Cost ten pfennigs," "Then take your rotten cabbage!" flew round like—aeroplanes. And after a hysterical constable had in vain implored the losers to be calm, they turned on terrified Herr Porter Barz, and charged him with having had a smoke at every cigar in turn.

Explanation

Herr Barz denied, defended himself, protested, offered to buy each a better cigar than he'd lost; and, finding this unavailing, blurted out the true explanation. "*Meine Herren, verzeihen Sie!*" said Herr Porter Barz. "It was not I who smoked your cigars. It was the dog of the Englishman who's just coming out."

What Shall I Do To-Day?



THE GENTLE ART OF CHOOSING EXERCISE

BY G. L. STAMPA

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

NO one can say that our M.P.'s have not stuck to their posts this August. For others the lure of the sea, or of the motor-omnibus, hired by the day. For them Westminster—and the droning of one another's voices.

* * *

Merely to be in London, now that August's here, is, as we showed last week, no hardship at all. But to have to be in the House of Commons, listening, perhaps, to Mr. McKenna—how it must make one long for the roar of the breakers at Southend or the hum of the bees in some country lane, Eppingway!

* * *

That speeches made under these circumstances should not have been conspicuous for their fervour or novelty is, perhaps, natural enough. At the same time, we cannot assent to an American visitor's description of the Stranger's Gallery last week as "better than a rest-cure establishment." Members yawned so many different ways that we found it quite a strain counting them.

* * *

A deputation of Channel Tunnellites interviewed the Prime Minister last week. They generally do in August. It is the season when, to many crossers of the Channel, the beauties of an under-sea tube particularly appeal. If you come to think of it, tubes are rather jolly. No need to summon a steward in a Tube, or to tip a sailor for helping you to a saloon that seems to hold all the smells of all the world. . . .

* * *

There is a great deal to be said for a Channel Tunnel. But poor Mr. Asquith has to think of so many other things . . . whether to issue a warrant for Sir E. Carson, how to keep Mrs. Pankhurst hale but helpless, why not to buy water-planes. . . . He cannot be expected to do much for the Tunnel.

* * *

Cowes seems quite to have escaped the Suffragettes. None of them has thrown herself in front of a yacht, or even attempted to torpedo a pleasure steamer. Personally we never expected any outrage at Cowes. Suffragettes have never lacked sense, and they know very well that, given the least bit of choppiness, the most determined Militant wouldn't care if she had a vote or not.

CARRIED AWAY BY THE MUSIC
By H. McCormick

By the way, Militants must have been rather disgusted to find that one of the doctors at the Medical Congress recommends—for patients reduced to a weak condition by wasting—nutrition not by food, but by electric currents—"meals of heat," as he names them. Fancy being kept healthy and hearty against one's will by what facetious gaolers will, no doubt, call "electric current buns."

* * *

The Medical Congress seems to have been a great success. As a correspondent says, "You get all the big specialists contradicting one another just as they do in real life, and you don't have to pay a penny for listening to them."

* * *

"Three of the inmates of the East Sussex County Lunatic Asylum have won £100 in a competition promoted by a London weekly periodical." We have often felt that we could win one ourselves, if we could only make up our minds that we wanted to live in that part of East Sussex.

* * *

Several notable musicians, of whom Signor Caruso is one, have formed a little society, whose members have agreed that when they meet together, anyone mentioning the word "music" will be fined. This self-denying ordinance is very creditable, and we wish we could hear of more societies formed on this model.

* * *

An Ulster Society, of whom Sir Edward Carson might be the President, would be an excellent one, if it could agree to fine all members who mention the word "Union." A rest would be so excellent for all concerned.

* * *

Similarly a Hall Caine Society, which would undertake to exact a fine for any mention of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" (and Mudie felt doubtful about) would be a capital thing. Mr. Caine might be Chairman—and, indeed, sole member of this little club.

* * *

The Union Party funds would be largely increased if Unionists bound themselves together for the space of a fortnight not to mention the word "Lloyd George"—except on payment of a fine: and there are ladies who would help on their cause by a similar understanding on the subject of the word "McKenna."

As Fairies Trip Upon the Green

Photograph *Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.*

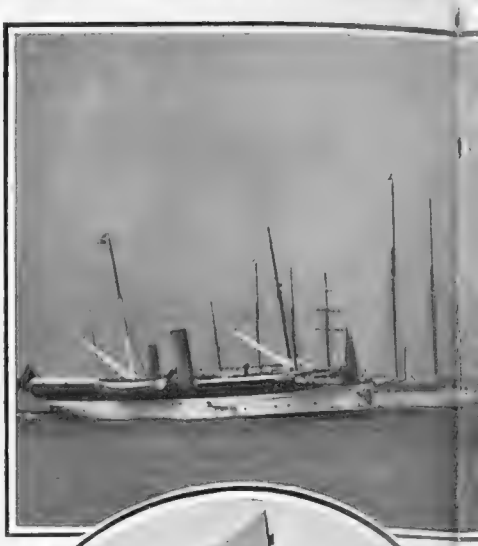
DANCING AT AN AMERICAN OPEN AIR SCHOOL OF RHYTHMIC EXPRESSION

At Sharon, Massachusetts, Miss Florence Noyes has recently opened a Summer school of rhythmic expression, where her pupils, as seen above, practise classical dancing in the woodland glades around. The School is much patronised by American society ladies, who find in the open air life and light Greek costume a very healthful "cure." Miss Noyes is said by Rodin, the famous French sculptor, to have the most perfect right arm in the world. This, of course, must be accounted a high qualification for her position as physical instructress

The Really Essential Elem

Photograph] HERR LUDWIG SANDERS'S "PAULA III." [*Cribb*

Which was second in the race for yachts of the 15-metre class



THE KING'S YACHT, "BRITANNIA"

Winner of the Handicap race for yachts exceeding 75 tons. The King sailed in the race

THE RACE IN THE 19-METRE CLASS

Won by Mr. F. Milburn's *Norada*, seen from on board the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*

The success or otherwise of Cowes Regatta is viewed from many points of view. With its success as a "social" function we and that the weather was delightful.

ment at Cowes—the Racing

Photograph] A HYDROPLANE AMONG THE YACHTS *[Sport and General*

During Cowes week Mr. Hawker's hydroplane was very much to the fore in Cowes Roads, and is here seen circling about the steam yachts

ROUNDING THE BUOY

In the race for schooners of Class A, Mr. G. C. Whitaker's *Maryherita* was successful. She is here seen leading Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach's *Germania* round the East Deep Buoy

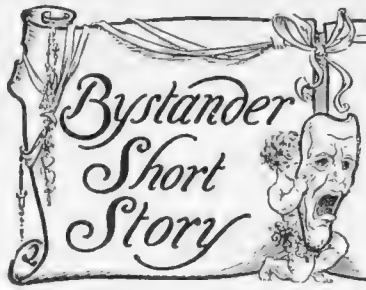
on we are not here concerned. But we do know that the racing was excellent, that his Majesty took part in and won a race, ul. What could better make for success?

Waiting for the Gun

Photograph *Sport and General*

PREPARATIONS FOR THE START OF A RACE AT COWES REGATTA

The yachts shown in the photograph are Mr. Cochran's "Westward" (deck view) and the French schooner "Susanne"



MR. POLLYMACK TURNS

SHOWING HOW A SHREW WAS TAMED

By Jesse Mannering

A THIN, faint, pink line appeared across the face of Mrs. Wisden Pollymack. The lady was pursing up a pair of lips never very full-blooded, and the danger signal could not have been mistaken by the least intelligent of mankind.

Mrs. Pollymack inspired in the breast of every man she met a great joy. But it was a negative and altruistic emotion—joy over the benign Fate which had spared him from occupying the position of the lady's husband.

By gradual, but very sure, stages the eldest Miss Vereker had drifted into a shrew. In one of her worst fits of pique and bad temper she had married a man so ludicrously easy to marry that his very helplessness had saved him in a country in which there are not enough husbands to go round.

Had Miss Vereker enjoyed the good fortune to find a wife-beater she might have been bull-dozed into being quite a decent and normal woman. She had decidedly good points, and but for her expression would have been undeniably handsome. But she found, not Petruchio—but Pollymack. The result was more and more vinegar and proportionately less of good red blood in her veins.

The Pollymacks settled down to live their life in Cherton St. George, a little village on the borders of Buckingham, and three-quarters of an hour by train from the London office which engaged the energies of Mr. Pollymack. They occupied a delightful old half-timbered house, which had been completely and expensively modernised. For Mr. Pollymack, like many men who inspire universal pity for general commonplaceness bordering on idiocy, was exceedingly astute in business. He was an estate broker and valuer, his strange and very lucrative business being concerned almost entirely with licensed houses of refreshment.

Against the day when he might make his blushing appearance in "Who's Who" Mr. Pollymack had settled upon his hobbies—sea-fishing and golf. He was exceedingly adept at both, though giving the impression of being a "mug" at all forms of sport. Mr. Pollymack was hard put to it to get a game when he appeared in a strange club-house until he had had an opening for the inevitable reply *re* handicap—and had played a round.

This is the story of Mr. Pollymack, so no excuse is asked for devoting so much time to the gentleman.

In normal circumstances, of course the lady would have filled the writer's horizon.

But we have left her so long in a bad temper that there is danger of an explosion before the cause of her wrath be explained.

The neap tide of lip noticed upon the lady's face was due to a picture-postcard. Upon it her eyes glowed like living coals. It depicted an animated, but more or less conventional, scene at the seaside—sands, fore-shore, rocks, as a noble setting to vulgar humanity—in this case sporting in that difficult garb—the bathing-suit. The male bathers were looking their worst—and the feminine bathers were looking *their* worst. Beneath this illustration was the unimaginative legend, "Mixed Bathing at Cwyllgrm." But on the back the half-space allowed for correspondence was occupied by a more human and happier effort—"Hooray!"

All this was bad enough in the view of such a lady as Mrs. Pollymack. But when the identity of the two most prominent and joyous bathers is explained the lady's wrath is almost justified.

For the gentleman whose domed forehead and long drooping moustaches completed a startling resemblance to the White Knight in "Alice" was no other than Mr. Pollymack. His was a chastened joy—the sort of holy calm which would settle upon "The White Knight" after he had not fallen off his horse for ten minutes.

And the lady caught by the wily photographer in conjunction with him at the topmost and most delirious moment of a "bob" above the surge—this lady who grasped Mr. Pollymack's two hands after the fashion of people saying "how do you do" to each other upon the stage; this lady was—well, she is best summed-up in the word "alluring."

There are many slang words, and even coarse expressions to describe the type of lady with whom Mr. Pollymack, aided by the buoyancy of the sea-water, was doing a Nijinsky fling. But they are all modestly and compactly folded up in the classical word "siren."

Upon receipt of this pictured communication from some anonymous wrecker of homes, Mrs. Pollymack acted with great promptitude.

The annual necessity of paying a visit to an old uncle in Suffolk, from whom she had expectations, was alone responsible for Mr. Pollymack's annual outing with boon companions at a seaside resort which afforded good golf. For the old uncle detested Mr. Pollymack—strangely and cruelly enough for his subservience to his niece.

In this case Mrs. Pollymack deliberately jeopardised her expectations. She packed up and took the first train across the Welsh border. As she would not have recognised Cwyllgrm as pronounced correctly by the "locals," she was under the painful necessity of spelling out the letters of all the stations at which the train stopped.

The lady was prepared for much, but not for the spectacle which greeted her in her husband's rooms. Gone were the two boon companions whom Mrs. Pollymack detested, and in their place was installed the charmer.

In other words, Mrs. Pollymack arrived just in time to see her husband and a *petite*, raven-haired, rosy-cheeked, roguish-eyed young lady putting the finishing touches—coffee, cigarettes, and liqueurs—to the best repast a seaside landlady could rise to.

Then the outraged wife received the shock of her life. Mrs. Pollymack had seen this identical

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situation depicted in farce and in melodrama. But Mr. Pollymack behaved quite differently from the stage husbands who figured in those two branches of drama. He did not get under the table, nor did he make any play with a weapon and no words hissed through the teeth.

He played the scene in the very highest vein of social comedy.

Rising from the table at the entrance of his wife, he said in easy, gracious fashion:

"My dear Euphonia, this is indeed a pleasure. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Vera St. Christopher; Vera, my wife, Mrs. Pollymack. My dear, have you dined?"

This surprising speech robbed Mrs. Pollymack of all self-possession. At a blow it took from her all chance of her rightful possession—the centre of the stage.

She had come prepared to deal out invective in no uncertain fashion to the two delinquents—in the modern fashion of the outraged wife. She suddenly found herself hurled into a *milieu*, which from the point of view of morals, if not of setting, was an eighteenth century comedy of intrigue—a *milieu* in which the wife is always boring and not a little ridiculous.

Mrs. Pollymack was trying to readjust her mental perception, thus thrown out of gear, when the siren took up the running.

"Sit down, Mrs. Pollymack," she said airily indicating an armchair. "You must be tired after your long railway journey. A *grand marnier*?"

Mrs. Pollymack breathed heavily.

"No, madam, I——"

"Perhaps a cup of tea?"

"I will accept nothing from you, madam—I——" she stuttered.

"Come off your perch. It's Polly that pays for the goods."

Slang and a ready tongue completed the demoralisation of Mrs. Pollymack.

"How dare you address me, you impertinent h——"

Miss St. Christopher warningly held up a finger, upon which a diamond ring glistened. It fascinated Mrs. Pollymack. Could her husband——?

"Steady the barge. If it comes to slanging, I'd advise you not to enter the lists with me. If you do you'll be carried off the field in a haze of blue smoke. Let's argue out the matter in as friendly a fashion as possible. I'll put the matter in a nutshell. Marriage has had the usual effect upon dear old Polly. He's got fed up with domesticity."

"Wisden! Will you sit there and hear this—this *lady*——"

Pollymack gravely wiped his drooping moustaches.

"She's worth hearing," he said with judicial approval. "Regular Portia when it comes to arguments. Besides, she has my leave to state a case, as the lawyers say."

"Your leave! *Your*—and since when have you exercised any right to grant anyone leave to—to——?"

Once more the lady's flow of words failed her.

Her husband smiled fatuously and waved an arm at his fair companion. Miss St. Christopher put words to his pantomime.

"Since me," she said with a sweet smile.

Once more that jewelled finger had to stifle a storm in the making.

"Fact is," pursued Miss St. Christopher after a sip at her liqueur, and addressing her rival. "Fact is, you haven't given him head enough, so Polly's been and gone and kicked over the traces."

She shook her head sadly.

"You're just like the ordinary ruck of women—no more notion how to run a man than how to ride astride three bare-backed horses in a circus ring."

Mr. Pollymack coughed.

"Your simile, my sweetest Verakins, is a trifle redundant. It is open to misconception."

"Shut up, Polly, there's a dear boy. You shall have your turn at her all in good time."

During these amenities Mrs. Pollymack flinched and quivered as does one suddenly brought into unexpected touch with volts.

Miss St. Christopher once more addressed Mrs. Pollymack in stern reproving tones.

"I found this dear good fellow battered and bruised, madame. He was best described as one great yearning ache for sympathy. I have a woman's heart, so how can you blame me for administering such consolation as lies in my power?"

Miss St. Christopher modestly lowered her eyes, but not before she had exchanged with Mr. Pollymack a thrilling glance of understanding.

Mrs. Pollymack choked, but she had begun to entertain a great respect for the jewelled finger.

Miss St. Christopher sighed. A look of self-pity shone in her remarkably fine eyes. Her long black lashes rose and fell with the effect of shadows sweeping over a sunlit landscape.

"There are some who might deny such a woman as I am any use in the world," she said with a trace of bitterness.

Pollymack smote the table a heavy blow. He glanced menacingly at his wife.

"Any person who dares to traduce you in my presence, Vera, will have me to reckon with."

His wife stared at him as at a stranger. Then her glance fell upon the liqueur bottle as though she sought the key to a riddle.

"Thank you, Polly," Miss St. Christopher said simply. "But facts are facts. Worthless as we may be, at least no one can deny that we help to swell the thin ranks of the Good Samaritans of this world. O Polly, never shall I forget the first touch of your hand in mine."

Mrs. Pollymack clutched convulsively at her bag, which contained a certain picture-postcard.

"There was something in that clasp, wet as it was, which set up a sweet and mysterious current."

Pollymack closed his hand over the one extended along the table.

"My darling," he murmured.

Miss St. Christopher's tones became charged with emotion.

"Joyously you came into my life. Always the surge of the sea will ring in my ears, and the tang of it shall bring back the brief days of our romance. Madame, you may think this outburst in poor taste, but one fact purges it of all dross."

Her voice sank very low.

"It is my farewell."

"Vera!"

Mr. Pollymack sprang to his feet.

"Yes, Polly," she said gently, but firmly. "My decision is unalterable. We part now—and for ever. Madame, I give you back your husband."

Mrs. Pollymack's mouth opened and shut, but no words came.

"Be very good to him," she urged. "With me he has had glimpses of a Paradise such as I am afraid you have witheld from him, if, indeed, you ever held the key to unlock these realms. Take up the thread of your lives together where *you* broke it."

This accusation was hurled, not as may be supposed, at the erring husband, but at the outraged and astonished wife.

"Yes, *you*."

Our Society Portraiture

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON

Second daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, whose engagement to the Hon. Richard Legh, eldest son of Lord and Lady Newton, is announced. Mr. Legh has a commission in the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry, and is an Hon. Attaché at Constantinople

Miss St. Christopher rammed home the blow before she could be countered.

"You by your harshness, your want of sympathy—you by your acidulated looks and ways. It is you who created this gulf, and, so to speak, flung poor Polly into my arms. I open those arms and release him."

Miss St. Christopher rose and draped a long black scarf with superb art about her head.

Mrs. Pollymack watched every twist and turn of this operation. The siren lingered over it as though it were symbolical of her machinations over the souls of men.

She threw a final glance at herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. Then pointedly and a little cruelly she looked at Mrs. Pollymack.

She held out both hands to Pollymack, who seized them in both his own.

"Good-bye, Polly," she whispered.

"Good-bye, Vera," he answered, and raised the right hand of Miss St. Christopher to his lips.

With a little sob in her throat the girl broke away, gave one swift warning glance at her rival, then one more quick, passionate look at Pollymack — and was gone from the room.

Pale, but resolute, Mr. Pollymack faced his wife. He felt as a man feels who is left to defend a desperate position after his chief support has been withdrawn. But sometimes victory comes when least expected.

DESPERATE MEASURES

Reckless bravery of shy gentleman in a tea-shop who has discovered a bell

By H. Radcliffe Wilson

A few moments' silence, during which Mrs. Pollymack's face worked ominously—and then she burst into tears!

Mr. Pollymack gazed steadfastly at his wife—and then did a remarkable thing.

Without a single word of explanation of his nefarious conduct; without an attempt to console her for the grief he had caused her—he walked out of the room, straight to the second row of camp-chairs which formed the *al fresco* auditorium of the Blue Pierrot Concert Party.

It was an assignation—with conspirators.

For Mr. Pollymack plunged down into an empty chair obviously reserved for him by the two boon companions on either side who shared his "diggings" at Cwyllgrm.

The comedian of the Blue Pierrot Concert Party thought he was being exquisitely funny that evening, judging by the infectious mirth arising from a trio of worldings whom, judged by appearances, one would have thought *blasé* above concert pitch.

Fortunately no one struck a blow at his professional pride by informing him that the fun really arose from the description, in low rumbling extracts, of a comedy in real life.

The trio sat out the performance. Or rather, the two boon companions sat out Mr. Pollymack's performance. It was prolonged into what—for a seaside resort—are the small hours, the venue being the saloon bar of the very hotel which hid the mingled grief and rage of Mrs. Pollymack.

For, after being given due time to recover from her transports of woe, a landlady arrived in the sitting-room, who respectfully, but firmly, informed Mrs. Pollymack that she must leave the house, as no ladies were allowed in her gentlemen's rooms after 9.30 p.m.!

But the real surrender of despotic power took place the next day.

Mrs. Pollymack intimated that Mr. Pollymack should accompany her to town by a specified train.

The train left with her—and without him. He and the boon companions continued to riot at Cwyllgrm, aided and abetted by their now firm and fast friend, Miss Leverton, of Capel Isa, in the County of Monmouthshire, who for one night only had appeared as Miss Vera St. Christopher.

In the fullness of time Mr. Pollymack took up residence with Mrs. Pollymack in their half-timbered house in Buckinghamshire—but under different and more genial auspices. It cannot be said that Mr. Pollymack was ever really happy with his wife, but he was less nagged and enjoyed more freedom in his actions to the tune of something like 90 per cent. And that is something in this world of sorrows, where all happiness is comparative.

Miss Leverton shortly afterwards boldly attacked her proper sphere. By sheer beauty she cut her way through the "bulldogs" who guarded the sacred precincts of a theatre manager.

And before she could be ignominiously dismissed for the heinous crime of never having played a part before, she managed to tell him the story of how she played the rôle of Miss Vera St. Christopher for one night only. Partly on the strength of this performance she was given a "walk-on" at a West End theatre.

She is still walking on the stage, but now she talks as well as walks, and her delivery of lines specially written for a *comedienne* of haunting looks and unmistakably high birth is assessed by the management at the respectable figure of some seventy pounds per week.

Certainly she played the principal rôle in the emancipation of Mr. Pollymack.

But such is the vain glory of statisticians that the chief glory in the comedy engendered by a bold bathing girl and a lucky snapshottist was claimed, not by the boon companion who wrote the dialogue for the actress (as was pointed out, it was slang where it was not stilted), but the other boon companion who, by sheer Bradshaw, worked out the train service between Suffolk and Merioneth.

Jesse Mannering

"Devon, Glorious Devon"

Photograph *B. Ward Thompson*

A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN CLOVELLY

On the rock-bound coast of North Devon, Clovelly is one of the most picturesque of English seaside villages. A quiet fishing village with few visitors most of the year, it is in summer a favourite resort for "honeymooners" and those in search of a peaceful holiday amid some of the most beautiful scenery in England. This picture is typical of the Clovelly "street"

Woman in America

THE ONE COUNTRY IN WHICH HER CAUSE MAKES NO PROGRESS

Losing Privileges

While Women's Suffrage is making undoubted strides it would seem to the casual observer that as an off-set to late political gains, women are losing not a few of the privileges they have hitherto enjoyed. Indeed, if the example of the district of Columbia is to be followed, women in non-suffrage States will be hedged about with strange restrictions. According to the new excise law, thirsty Washingtonians may no longer buy, beg, borrow, or steal drinks of an alcoholic nature on a Sunday. Indeed, the householder may not guiltlessly offer his guest so much as a mint julep. The thoughtful guest will, no doubt, bring his own refreshment, but pity the tantalising plight of the unhappy diner-out who, having neglected this simple precaution, is forced to contemplate his host's enjoyment of a solitary drink. So far, both sexes suffer equally, but the law goes a step further; it provides that even on a week-day women shall not be served with alcoholic beverages except in restaurants, and then only if accompanied by a man. Be she never so thirsty, a woman alone must content herself with ginger-ale, grape-juice, or lemonade, and even with the saving male grace at her side she dare not aspire to more, if the couple choose a summer-garden or café in preference to a restaurant. More than this, no woman or minor may even enter a grocery or provision shop where liquor is sold.

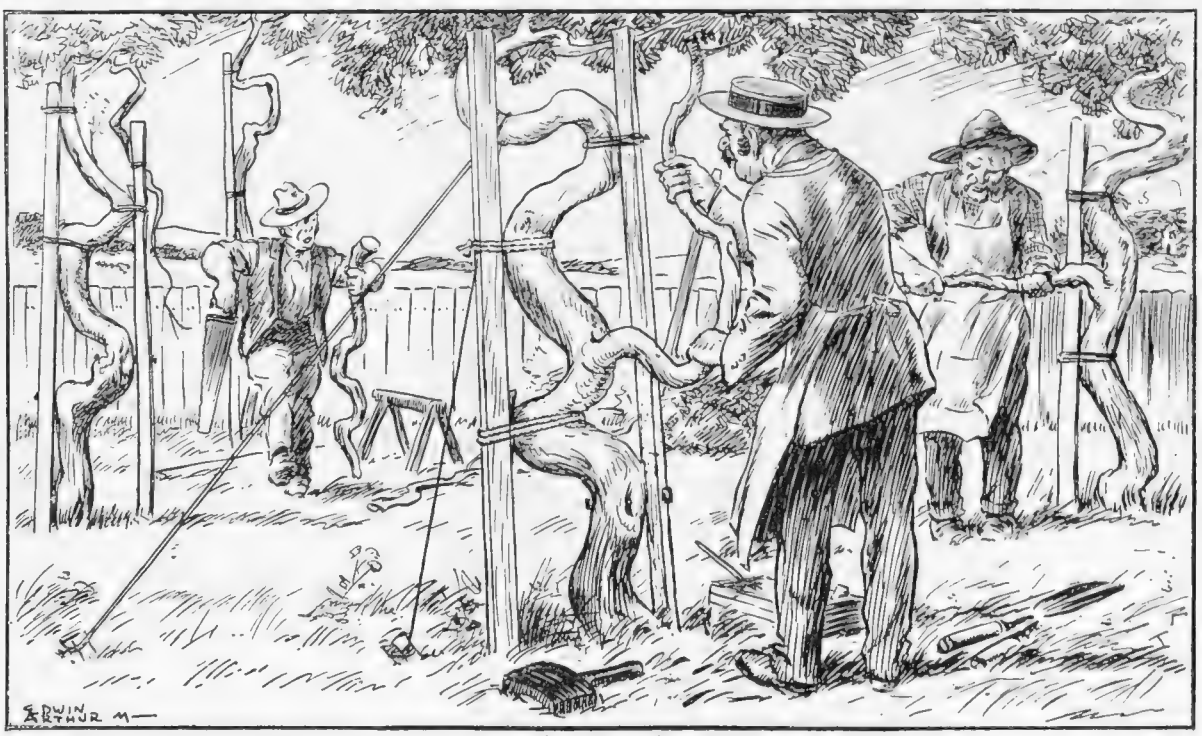
Fashion and the Puritans

So much for the law; but religion also is entering the field. The Seventh Day Adventists of Pennsylvania have turned their lofty minds to sumptuary questions. In full camp-meeting they have passed a resolution banning slashed skirts, jewellery, and stays. It would probably shock these excellent Puritans to learn that for once they have joined hands with so despicable a person as *Madame La Mode*, at least in so far as the corsetless figure is concerned. However, it is not the first time that the Church (or an off-shoot of it) and the *demi-monde* have embarked in the same galley. Paradox involves strange yoke-mates. If other sects follow the lead of the Seventh Day Adventists the burning question of how to be fashionable though pious would seem in a fair way to be solved. But, on the other hand, if these straws show the direction of the wind, if commonwealths where male authority as yet rules supreme are to continue in the restrictions of female liberty in such vital matters as food, drink, and clothing, it is hard to see how women outside the boundaries of Suffrage States are to exist, without the aid of the invisible wishing-cup of the fairy tales.

Attempted Invisibility

It has occurred to me that this may be the explanation of a phenomenon much observed of late. Women, cognisant of their danger, are attempting invisibility. Banting has reduced the average feminine silhouette to something approaching the definition of a point: length, like the poor, is still with us, but breadth and thickness have been eliminated, also the covering of the attenuated body has been reduced to the lowest common factor. According to my personal observation on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, the clothing now worn by women is so diaphanous and so scant that it actually no longer casts a shadow. Here, then, is a nice problem for the student of physics as well as for the officer of the law: what will be the result when an invisible woman orders and consumes a visible drink? The ultimate triumph of mind over matter?

N. C.



THE LATEST INDUSTRY: GROWING WALKING STICKS FOR SCOTCH COMEDIANS

BY E. A. MORROW

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE THAMES REGATTA SEASON: A SCULLING FINAL IN THE GORING AND STREATLEY RACES

The Goring and Streatley Regatta, which was held on August 2, was very successful, both from a racing and a weather point of view. Our picture shows the final of the Junior-Senior Sculls, in which E. A. S. Oldham (Kingston R.C.) easily beat C. B. Wallis (Hereford R.C.)

Canterbury Week

THAT very delightful slice of the cricket season which is known as Canterbury Week has just run its sociable and friendly course—and, incidentally, served as a partial reminiscence of what cricket was in the past and a sort of a model of what it, perhaps, might still be elsewhere to-day. So much of the spirit of professionalism, of counting up averages, and of calculating percentages in the county Championship has crept into the great national game (see headmasters *passim*) that it is only here and there that it remains what it used to be, and what it still sets out to be—the game of games for English gentlemen.

Dying Traditions

I'm not sure that even Kent hasn't lost some of its old tradition. Kent "pros." are very good fellows and the next best thing to amateurs—better, in fact, than some of our semi-professional amateurs of to-day—but their predominance this year in the county team has robbed it of much of its old character as almost the sole surviving representative of "Cricket for cricket's sake." Good fellow as a pro. may be, neither he nor we can forget that he *is* a pro., and as such plays the game primarily for money, however successfully he may by his sporting qualities keep the fact in the background.

Cricket and the Goths

To a very great cricketer, an old Blue and county player, I had the impertinence the other day to criticise the cricket in the 'Varsity match. He agreed with my criticisms *per se*, and added some of his own as well, but ended up by saying: "After all, the 'Varsity match is the only one in which they play cricket nowadays." He was, perhaps, almost a little too sweeping; there are, after all, still the two or three big public school matches as well. But in the main he summed it up. Cricket, like the Roman Empire, has got into the hands of the Goths, and though it may do brilliant things under them, the days when Plancus was consul seem to be dead and gone for ever, except in occasional oases where the hand of the invaders has not moulded things to its own way—businesslike enough, no doubt, and economically superior to that of effete Romans—of dealing with the game.

Photograph *Topical*

HOLDER OF THE 300 YARDS' RECORD

Jack Donaldson, the famous Australian sprinter, made a successful attempt at Manchester last week to beat H. Hutchings' record time of 30 sec. for 300 yards, made in 1884. Donaldson's time was 29¾ secs.

The Lawn Tennis Invasion

With cricket brought to this pass it is particularly preposterous for a doubtless very worthy Mr. Gilkes to get up and tell the boys of Dulwich College, of which he is headmaster, and the Press, of whose evil influence he professes such apprehension, about the "amount of concern" with which he observes the fact that so much attention is paid to lawn tennis in public schools. I am glad he observes this, because it shows

that he has a keener and more penetrating vision than the rest of us. But I am sorry that he should be so ill-informed, not only of the general trend of public opinion—by which I mean the opinion of those who play games and not of the Press—but of the relative positions of lawn tennis and cricket at the present day.

An Opportunity Missed

It is very natural, of course, that he should be tempted to take this line. Dulwich is an excellent school, but not among the actually leading public schools of the moment, and, no doubt, a very laudable desire to fall into line with these schools would lead him to adopt the attitude which they adopted a good many years ago, and to which, with a conservatism one is delighted to see when displayed in a good cause, they have so far adhered. On the other hand, he has not only neglected, but smacked in the face, a great opportunity.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE START FOR THE COAT AND BADGE

Four competitors—an unusually small number—entered for the sculling race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, which took place on the old course from the Swan at London Bridge to the Swan at Chelsea. G. H. J. Gobbett, of Erith, who had been trained at Barnes with Barry, won by nearly 20 lengths

The New Movement

Pretty obviously, it is not from the great schools that the lead is going to come in acknowledging the existence—for that is all it amounts to—of lawn tennis. Obviously, also, it is from one of the schools which is pushing its way to the front that it is to come, one which has a good name and reputation without being hide-bound by the ancient traditions which we cherish in the lump, but sometimes kick against in detail. Dulwich might have been one of the leaders in a new movement; instead of that it has chosen to cling very much at the outskirts of the old. It has endorsed the defects before it has established its claim to the qualities.

Exit—A Fetish

Enough of Mr. Gilkes, however. He is not a very important factor in this controversy, for to the point of a controversy it has now, in this year of grace, attained. The important point is that the cricket fetish, like other fetishes, has got on to its last legs. Even the most ardent cricketers deploringly admit that it is in a bad way, and having seen that it is so, they have found it possible to turn their eyes towards other games, and particularly towards lawn tennis. They and others begin to see that the argument that a lawn tennis court can only occupy four people as against cricket's twenty-two is, frankly, bunkum. A cricket match only provides continuous play for thirteen people, and half of them are doing nothing most of the time; in the same space you can get half-a-dozen lawn tennis courts with twenty-four players continually on the go.

F. L. M. D.

THE CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: KENT V. SUSSEX ON THE ST. LAWRENCE GROUND

The fact that Kent is practically certain of the Championship again this year of course added lustre to the annual cricket festival at Canterbury last week, which, however, is not entirely confined to the rigours of the game. It is a great county social fixture as well, and the performances of the "Old Stagers" at the Theatre Royal every evening are, to many of the company, quite as important and interesting as those of the county team on the pleasant St. Lawrence ground

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Photograph *Underwood*

DIPLOMATISTS PLAYING GOLF AT THE HAGUE

In the foreground the Hon. Sir Alan Johnstone, British Minister Plenipotentiary, is seen driving in the Hague Golf Club Competition, held on August 3rd. In the background is Baron Fallon, the Belgian Ambassador

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A "DAVIS" CUP FOR GOLF

A New Suggestion

The recent fight for possession of the famous Davis Cup has set me thinking out once more the question of a similar international trophy for golf. Seeing that most of the preliminary ties and the challenge round have been played in this country, and that the whole history of the Cup has been set out at length in our papers, it is unnecessary for me to go into the details of the constitution of the event. But while interest is still fresh it seems to me an opportune moment to enter a renewed plea for a similar competition in golf. Twice already have I made such a plea. So long ago as August 16, 1905, I appealed to some Mæcenas among golfers to come forward and imitate the noble example of Mr. Dwight Davis. That plea I reiterated on February 12, 1908. I take leave to quote the concluding paragraph of my article of that date: "The one thing necessary for starting the affair is that a generous Mæcenas should approach the Royal and Ancient Club, and state that he is prepared to present a suitable trophy, provided that they will undertake to put the scheme into execution. Will not someone come forward?"

Opportunity Lost

Now that more than five years have elapsed since that article was penned I feel at liberty to say that a Mæcenas did come forward. An offer of a cup was made by the proprietors of a great illustrated paper, and that offer was privately intimated to the ruling authorities. For various reasons, the principal one being that the cup would bear the title of the paper, that offer was rejected, and so a golden opportunity for inaugurating a splendid competition was missed. I hoped at the time, alas! in vain, that the authorities would take the matter into serious consideration, would consult other authorities, and if they found the idea well received would start a competition themselves and would appeal to all golfers for subscriptions towards a suitable and worthy international trophy for competition by teams of international golfers on lines similar to the Davis Cup contest. But so far nothing has been done.

Some Axioms

To those who may object to the idea of international golf contests I would submit the following considerations. I feel sure that my colleague, H. S. S., will back me with his great authority in laying down the following axioms:

1. Lawn tennis as a game has profited tremendously by the institution of the Davis Cup contest.

2. The game has increased in popularity owing to these contests.

3. The standard of play has been sensibly raised owing to international rivalry.

4. The laws of the game have been consolidated and unified for the same reason.

5. International good feeling and sportsmanship have been strongly fostered by these matches.

6. No ill-result of any kind can be attributed to this contest. Indeed, nothing but good, in every sense of the word, has flowed from the Davis Cup.

If the above be true, and I dare anyone to contradict the above statements, then I ask why should not similar good results attend the institution of a golfing Davis Cup?

An Appeal

Now that the so-called international match has been buried in an unwept grave, why should we not replace it by a much worthier successor? The Americans have earned undying fame through Mr. Dwight Davis in conferring an inestimable benefit on lawn tennis. I call upon the United States Golfing Association to approach the Royal and Ancient Club for the purpose of instituting a Davis Cup for golf. Approached in such a manner I cannot believe that our authorities would turn a deaf ear to their petitioners.

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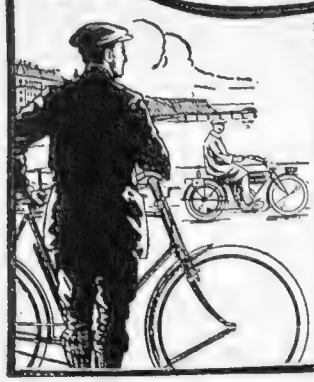

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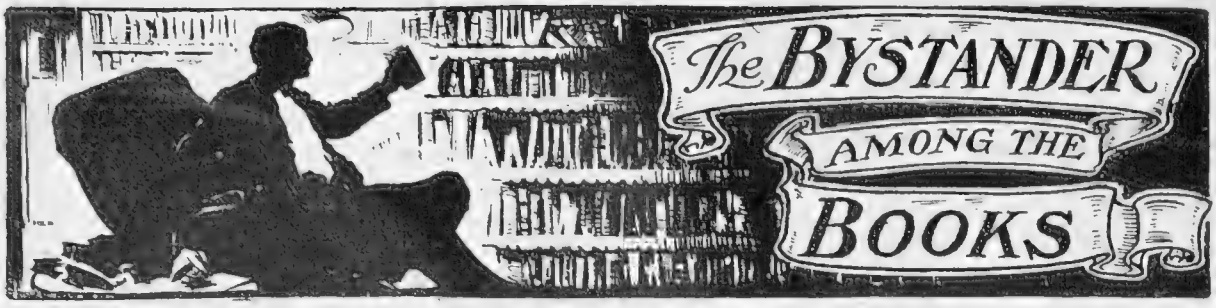

"Hunt the Slipper"

Some years ago people started to talk about Jane Wardle, novelist. They talked about her so frequently that Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, who had invented the lady, found it expedient to kill her. And so Jane Wardle was more or less killed, and now Mr. Hueffer is, so to speak, sole producer. Yet from an examination of his new book, *Hunt the Slipper* (Stanley Paul: 6*s*.), one would be inclined to think that so far from relying on his own and Jane's abilities, he had commandeered the services of various other people as well; for *Hunt the Slipper* is told by seven or eight of its characters in the manner of our good old Victorian writers.

MR. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER
Whose latest novel, "Hunt the Slipper," is reviewed on this page

A Mad Book

It is a very mad book about all kinds of mad things. It starts with a retired General and J.P. in Kent fining a former friend for exceeding the speed limit. It continues with a hurriedly undertaken voyage to America in company with a professional thief and the innocuous and amusing son of a spendthrift peer. The old General, however, fell ill, and so Mr. Hueffer was obliged to ask the professional thief to continue the narrative—which he did. Things would have gone all right had not this gentleman (with whom, doubtless, Mr. Hueffer played poker on his last visit to America) bungled his job in New York, with the result that a Miss Kitty Williamson, "actress," was invited to see what she could do in the matter. Kitty, of course, soon tired of so unaccustomed a job, whence it followed that others came into the business. Chief of these was Ivo, who found his brother, Lord Talboys, head waiter and manager of a cheap American restaurant. It is all very mad and very amusing, and in some places very moving, and when the slipper has been hunted to its lair or its cupboard, or whatever the thing is in which a hunted slipper takes refuge, everything emerges in a satisfactory way. Moreover, Mr. Hueffer was lucky enough to get the old General to take up his pen once again for a final chapter or so. And the slipper, who is really the General's granddaughter, marries Ivo Talboys, and—there you are. A commendable, light-hearted book.

Adventures Galore

Miss Alicia Ramsay's name will be familiar to many as Mr. Rudolf de Cordova's collaborator in sundry spectacular plays. Only now, however, does she appear as a novelist. Her first book, *The Adventures of Mortimer Dixon* (Stanley Paul: 6*s*.), is certainly exciting enough. Mortimer Dixon is a reporter with a passion for cleanliness, great powers of observation, as much personal courage as can reasonably be expected from anyone but a demi-god, good looks, and, perhaps most important of all, good luck. So you can imagine that when he is sent to East London to discover the whereabouts of a girl who has apparently been kidnapped by Chinamen, there are adventures in store for him which do not come the way of the ordinary reporter. Indeed, Mr. Dixon's life is often in danger. Not only is he carried miles underground in a coffin meant for some Manchu prince, but he is nearly poisoned by opium. He has hairbreadth escapes of the kind that will never lose their popularity, and when, at the triumphal ending of the search, he is thanked by the Chinese Ambassador and Lord Eastcliffe, it only needs the presence of the Plump Little Party—a young lady of commendable feminine virtues—to complete the picture. Miss Ramsay's book is long for a novel of action, but very well told.

Divorce

The agitation for cheaper and easier divorces continues. The problems raised are hardly so complicated as some people seem to think, yet few seem to be aware of their paramount importance. Books there are in some quantity. I can particularly recommend one which is at once concise and readable. In *Divorce Problems of To-Day* (Heffer: 2*s*. net) Mr. E. S. P. Haynes manages to put the case for reform into something like the proverbial nutshell. In his ten short chapters he covers practically the whole ground. The anomalies of our own divorce laws are put down for all to read; the arguments for reform follow one another in due order; there are two chapters on the relations of the Church to divorce; and certain conclusions are drawn which will, I expect, appear unanswerable to the broad-minded reader. Mr. Haynes' work, indeed, is a handbook in miniature.

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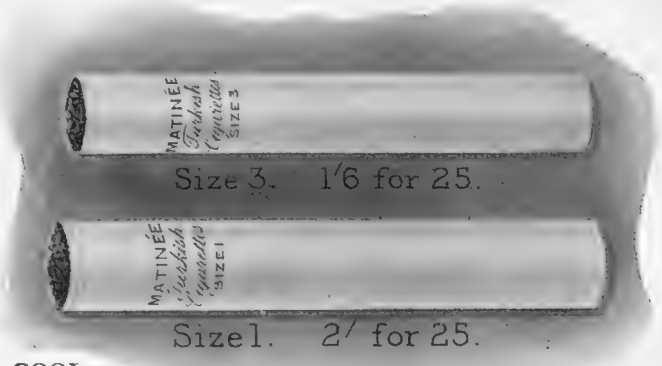

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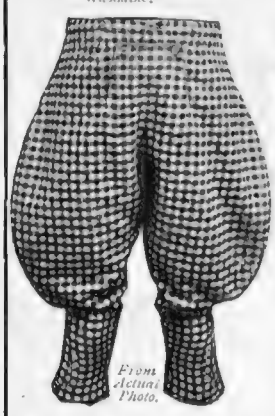

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The Traveller at Margate

Photograph] A HOLIDAY CROWD AT MARGATE [*Sport and General*

On the Sands

"*Nécessité,*" says the French proverb, "*n' a pas de loi.*" I am inclined to agree with it. Nothing, at any rate, save necessity, could possibly have driven me to Margate on an August Bank Holiday. Beside me on the sands sat a Frenchman, presumably necessity-driven, too, for he was sad of countenance, and round me, all round me, were hordes of that peculiar race, bred solely in the British Isles, vulgarly known as "tripper." There was baby tripper, very querulous, and extremely dirty. There was tripper minor busily engaged upon a sand-castle. There was Mademoiselle Tripper devouring *Home Notes* with a literary greed that was almost revolting. And there were Tripper *père et mère*. Papa Tripper had an ice in one hand and a bag of shrimps in the other. Mamma Tripper was busy with a dish of whelks, liberally besprinkled with vinegar.

The "Trippair"

"Pardon, monsieur," remarked my French friend, "*mais c'est bien cela que vous appelez Trippair?*" "Yes, monsieur," replied I, "that is what we call a tripper." "Is it possible?" sighed my friend from France. "Thank God, that it does not exist in France." "Amen," returned I piously, and with such emphasis that Papa Tripper swallowed a shrimp head and all, and winked at me. "Let us walk," I suggested to the Frenchman. "Let us circulate, and I will introduce you to yet further mysteries of Tripperdom." "You are too amiable," said the Parisian. I learned afterwards that he came from Paris. So we "circulated."

The French Version

"That," said my friend from Paris, and he waved a comprehensive hand above Tripperdom, "that does not exist *chez nous*. We have our *trippairs*, no doubt. But they are not like your *trippairs*. They eat shrimps, oh, but yes, but they eat them as *hors-d'œuvre;* they like cockles, but they will have them *sautés au beurre*. And if they take ices, they do so with a spoon at a café table. They do not like stout, not at all, and they prefer 'Tosca' to rag-time. I had never realised, till I saw your *trippairs*, what a great difference there is between our two nations. And now I understand why you Englishmen spend your holidays abroad."

Ourselves to Blame

"You are quite right," I answered. "The tripper drives us out of this country at holiday time. Some people would have it that it is because we cannot gamble that we cross the Channel. But it is not that," I went on. "It is because the standard of amusement, say what people will, has never been raised at our seaside resorts. The Tripper of to-day is the tripper of twenty-five years ago, and he will go on being the same tripper for centuries—*unless* we take it upon ourselves to raise the standard of his amusement."

Dinan and Dinard

Since writing the above I have taken boat—a very comfortable boat which does the South Western every possible credit—to St. Malo. And I am writing this paragraph at a café table on the sleepy old Place of Dinan, near by. Dinan is still a dear old Breton market-town, refusing to move much with the times, still gas-lit and cobble-paved. Dinard, the fashionable, so near and yet so far, is not, I hear, having the season it had a right to expect, for the Dinard of to-day ranks among the model watering-places of France. For some reason or another America is not patronising Dinard so well as usual, and I hear of many a villa remaining unlet. Is it possible that Dinard relies just a little too much upon its natural attractions in these days of advertisement?

Answers to Queries

M. T. (Mont-Dore).—I have replied fully by post. I am not surprised that the agents have been able to give you but little information, as Mont-Dore seems to be so little known in England. The best hotel is the Sarciron. The Nouvel Hôtel—much cheaper—can also be recommended, and the Hôtel de l'Établissement is a good hotel for the economically-minded. Yes, the costume is to be had locally.

E. H. (Brittany).—I hope you received my letter. Do write me again if you want further information. St. Enogat, St. Lunaire, St. Cast, St. Jacut, and Paramé seem all likely to suit you. No, I know of no "cure" to equal that of Mont-Dore. THE TRAVELLER.

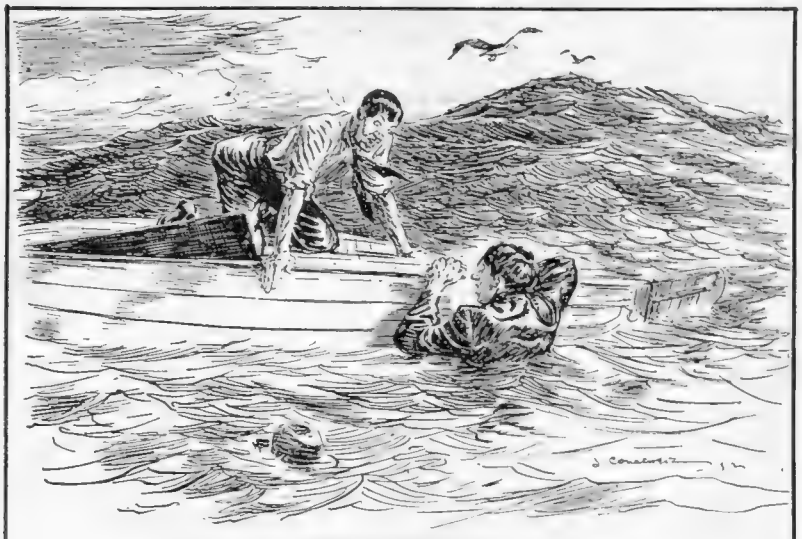
The Bystander in the Country

A PLEA FOR NOT DOING GOOD

IT is curious how politicians and other grave persons, when they have a problem to solve, will look everywhere for information except in front of their noses.

* * *

A RAILWAY carriage would hardly hold all that has been written about what's wrong with the village. Yet one would think that any person of ordinary intelligence who walked through a village could see for himself very quickly. The young men and women are leaving because there is very little in the parish but people making other people make money. There is also, of course, a locked-up church and a strange institution called a school, run by a rather hopeless spinster with a headache.



MISUNDERSTOOD

"Say, I thought you said you could sail a boat!"
"Well! We're a mile and a half from where we started, aren't we? What d'you s'pose I've been doing—playing golf?"

Is any live person of either sex going to stay in a place like that? Of course not.

* * *

WHAT can be done? What can be simpler? Obviously, make a live village for live people.

* * *

How? Why, anyhow. Plainly what is wanted is something different from what there is already. What would be different? Surely a place where the villagers, instead of working or being preached at or being instructed, could amuse themselves or be amused.

* * *

As it occasionally rains in England, it looks as if some sort of a hall is needed for a start, though a barn would be a great deal better. Then—perhaps you will be surprised to hear—it must be hands off to the parson, the local education authorities, and even the good squire's wife. That is, in what may be called their official capacities.

* * *

As ordinary human beings, and among their friends, they are, I need not say, quite nice people, and year in and year out they spend a lot of time and patience and a good deal of money in trying to do the village good. And that is just the trouble. The village is tired of having good done to it.

* * *

IT wants to do good to itself.

* * *

THE well-meaning parson, the worthy local education authorities, and the kindly squire's wife can find plenty of scope for their activities in the new hall or barn, provided they do not insist on giving the village what they think it ought to have—and what they would never think of giving themselves.

* * *

ONE thing the village wants, because it is the one thing that hardly ever comes its way, and it knows it could have it if it were a town instead of a village, is acting. The hall or barn has got to be, most of its time, even if the parson's wife faints at the news, a theatre or, at any rate, a music-hall.

* * *

MAN is a dramatic animal, and nothing has operated more strongly towards the undoing of the village than depriving it of drama. It used to have it of old time. There was the mummers' play. Later there were the travelling barnstormers. There were also the miscellaneous efforts of local talent at holiday time.

* * *

ONE of these days the young out-o'-work beginners of the profession will realise the possibilities of the drama in the rural districts, and swoop down on them on bicycles in the summer. They will be warmly welcomed, not only by the village, but, if they bring the right kind of fare, by the "quality."

* * *

SERIOUSLY, it is a practical proposition. The seaside places are overdone with Pierrots. Why don't the people who are pierroting try the villages? The difficulty of scenery is no difficulty at all. The thing to do is to do without it. "Give me two boards, two trestles, two actors, and a passion!" cried Victor Hugo. There, undoubtedly, are the essentials.

* * *

No one should run away with the idea, however, that the village barn theatre must import all its drama. I never knew the village yet that had not somewhere indubitable dramatic talent. There are few rural districts which, had they the chance, could not produce their own drama.

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RACING: The Week's Meetings. By CARBINE

An Interesting St. Leger

There will be a touch of the holiday element about racing until the York meeting at the end of the month. Only four weeks now divide us from the Doncaster St. Leger, which looks like proving highly interesting. Louvois, Shogun, and Day Comet are the three horses which seem to have the best chances on this season's form. Mr. Raphael's colt should beat the other two if the Derby running is to be depended upon, but there never was a more unsatisfactory classic race than that at Epsom this year, and I am sure the form was most misleading. Wootton and his friends thought Shogun was terribly unlucky in the Derby; the Rothschild party also complained of ill-luck in regard to Day Comet. I hope the three will be fit and well to settle the interesting question on the Town Moor. Something may pop up to vanquish the trio. Perhaps Bachelor's Wedding, who has always been a favourite of mine, may do the trick. I shall have further opportunities of discussing the prospects of the race much more minutely.

Kempton and Redcar

Those racegoers who are not holiday-making will have some very fair sport at Kempton Park and Redcar this week. At the pleasant Northern meeting on Wednesday The Tetrarch is not likely to be sent to contest the Produce Stakes, which may leave Dan Russel with the race. Lord Derby looks like taking the chief race on the following day as well, with **Light Brigade.** For the Redcar Handicap I recommend **Serlby Drake.** At Kempton Park on Wednesday the Greenwood Handicap may be won by **Hampton Court II.** and the International Plate by **Armant,** who impresses me as a very promising youngster. On the second day **White Magic** enjoys such a big advantage in the weights that he seems almost certain to win the St. James's Stakes, while for the Princess Plate I recommend **Polymela.**

Windsor Selections

At the end of the week Windsor will enjoy a clear two days' fixture. On Friday the Castle Handicap affords a good test of stamina, and should be won by **Sandwort.** I shall expect **Happy Warrior** to win the Club Plate on the same afternoon, and **Laracor** the Clewer Plate. In the Flying Handicap on the second day of the meeting I like the chance of **Giant,** and the Home Park Breeders' Stakes may be won by **Agadir.** The latest news of Prince Palatine is rather encouraging, and makes one hope that it will be possible to bring him out in his best form against Tracery in the Jockey Club Stakes. It is, of course, by no means certain yet that he will properly pull round after his Goodwood experience, but his new trainer, Charles Morton, is not the man to risk running him unless the Prince is absolutely top-hole.

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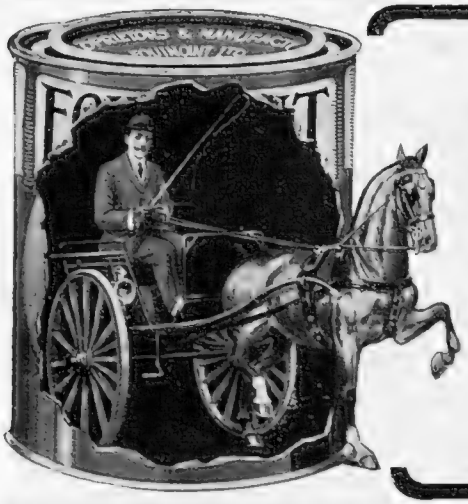

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The Opening of the Shooting Season

NOTES ON DISEASE AMONG GROUSE, AND A WARNING

Causes of a Poor Season

I pointed out a few weeks ago that the grouse season of 1913 will be an exceedingly poor one. How poor it will be will only be realised when the party are in the butts, and they see the number of birds being sent forward. There are three main causes for this state of affairs—(1) over large stocks left from last year; (2) a cold wet spring following a dry summer, which affected the heather; (3) a great amount of wet at nesting and sitting time. It is nearly always to be expected after a great season, when birds were very numerous, and big stocks left, that if the weather the following spring is bad, disease at once makes its appearance. This is due very often to the heather, *i.e.*, the young heather is checked in its growth, and what there is of it is insufficient to feed the large number of birds that require it. They are obliged, therefore, to eat the rank old heather, which is very bad for them. If, too, there is much cold and wet, which they have to face on bodies but poorly nourished with this rank old stuff, then disease very soon shows itself. The only way to combat disease is to keep down stocks within reasonable limits by hard shooting; systematically to burn the old heather, so that the young shoots can spring up; to clean out several times the wells where the birds drink; and to drain off surface water from moors.

THE RIGHT WAY—

To carry guns when out shooting—with the barrels pointed downwards

Photographs Sport and General

—AND THE WRONG WAY

A Remedy

Stagnant water laying on a moor is very bad for birds, and wet saturated moors off which water does not readily run are most effectual in bringing on disease. Keepers on moors have nothing like the work that keepers on pheasant shoots go through, and, therefore, they have ample time to see to the above, and especially to burn hard all old heather, whilst no heather more than eight or ten inches high should be allowed to exist. Burning is not half enough attended to, as I think will be proved this season, for where this has been done in a systematic way there will be found more birds than on those places where this has been neglected. Though one can forecast up to a point what sport is likely to be on the whole, still one can never get at a very accurate estimate of what birds one has on a moor until it has been "dogged" over, or shot. By "dogging" I mean the custom on many moors, such, for instance, as the Duke of Rutland's at Longshaw, near Sheffield, for the keepers to go over the moors with steady dogs, some days before the "twelfth," the idea being to flush the coveys and so discover what there are and the size of them. By this means it is possible to form a fair estimate.

Carelessness

I mentioned just now that keepers on moors are not nearly so hard worked as on pheasant shoots. Nevertheless, they can find plenty to do in burning heather, draining moors, cleaning out wells, building up butts, and many other jobs. There is, however, an anxious time for them as with other keepers. The anxiety of moor keepers is the continual watching for an outbreak of fire. On some moors, through which public roads run, and over which tripper-parties or beanfeasters in breaks drive, it is no uncommon thing for a careless man to light his pipe and throw the match, still burning, on the dry tinder-like heather. Then very soon follows a blaze, and perhaps in half an hour a moor is destroyed, so far as shooting that year, and perhaps the next, is concerned. Thousands of birds are killed by fires, and so it behoves keepers to watch and watch, and at the first sign of smoke, rush to it with long brushes and beat it out at once—if they can!

Dangers

Once again, a word in season regarding the dangers of the shooting-field. I speak as a shooting man of over forty years' experience, and I have seen, and unfortunately, felt, too often the results of carelessness. If men would remember that danger must ever lurk in the air when shooting is going on, simply because shot will glance off at such extraordinary angles, they would, I think, be more careful than many are at present. It sounds horribly gruesome to say so, but without doubt there will be this season casualties, some trifling, but others fatal. Shot will at times go *back* after striking some obstacle, the line it takes forming the letter V. As an instance of this, my brother, some years ago, was shot through the eye by the man in the next butt, who shot at a covey after they had passed some way through the line of butts. At the same time his loader was also peppered. The dangerous man who "follows" his bird with his gun across the line of butts is pestilential; and there are many of these, as I know to my sorrow. I always bob well down under the side of my butt, when I find myself near these terrible people, and so save my life. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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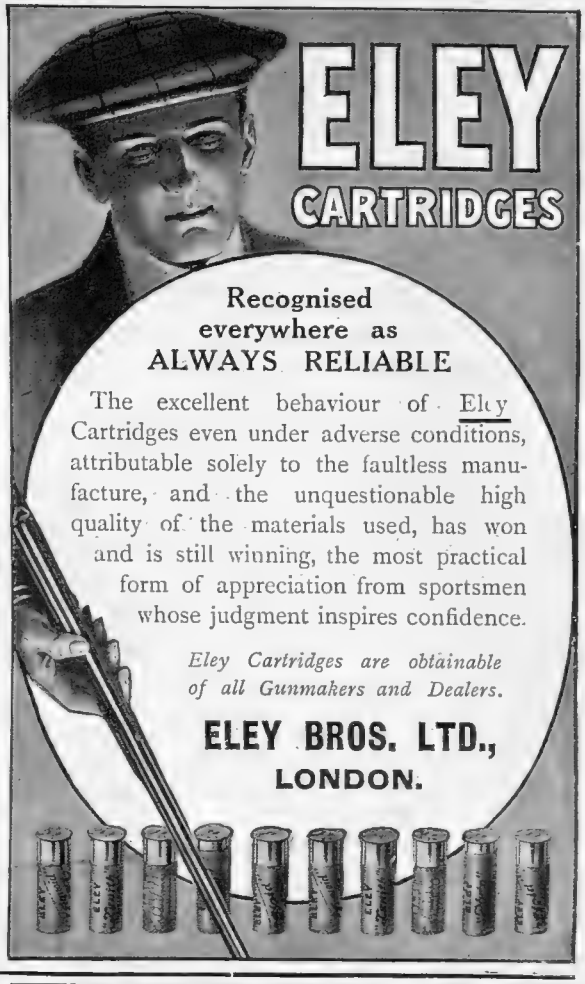

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The Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., hereby gives notice that it cannot hold itself responsible for any damage to covers and tubes which are fitted to such unsuitable rims, and invites those owners of motor-cars who experience tyre trouble of the character indicated to have their rims examined in order that they may locate the cause and avoid a recurrence of the damage.

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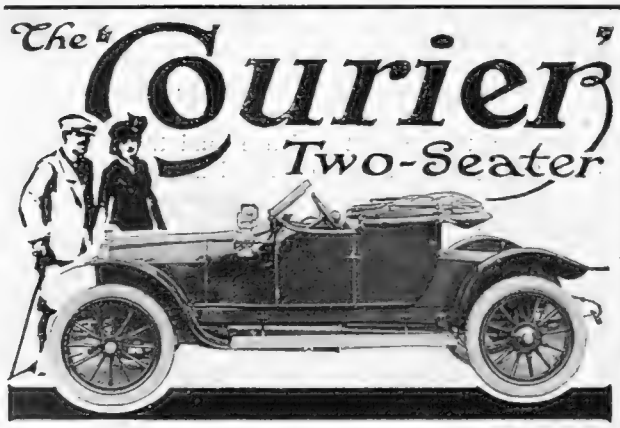

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Photograph *Rol*

AT THE CIRCUIT DU MANS

The start in the cycle-cars' race, showing a "Baby" Peugeot and a Violet Bogey (on right)

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

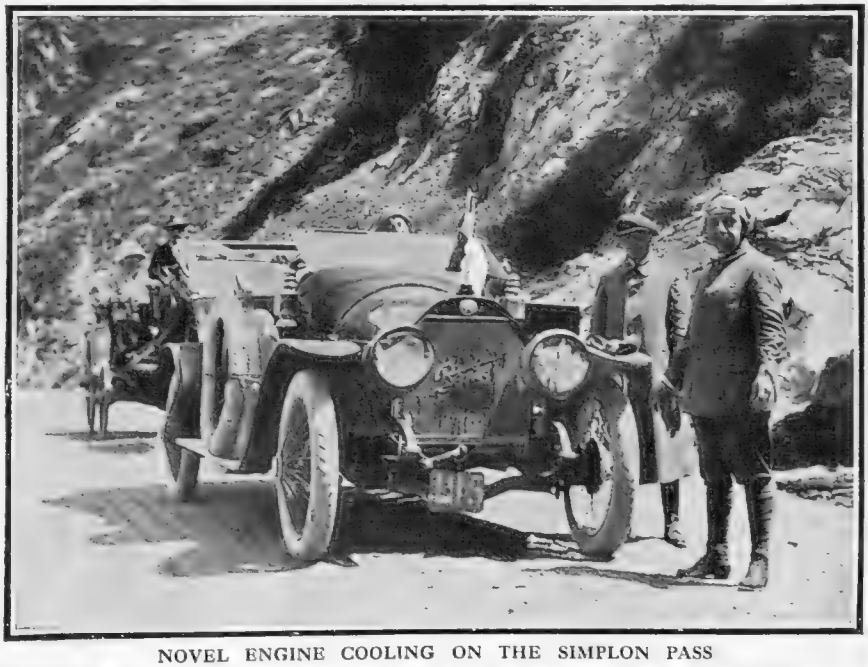
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Some Samples of Service

Some of the good things that can be said of the Automobile Association patrol are crystallised in the two reports I have before me at the moment. They have both been waiting for the chance of a little hole occurring into which I might insinuate a paragraph and—here is the chance. I take it eagerly because, as I have many times written, in my personal experience I know of nothing to the detriment of the patrol or scout, but very many things to his credit and the credit of the organisation which is his first great cause and the reason for his continued existence—an existence of ever increasing efficiency and usefulness. They who scathingly and unfairly criticise him, mainly because, so far as I can see, he reserves his salutes for motorists who are wise enough in road affairs to know that he alone is fully worth their nominal annual subscription as members of the A.A.; even they who, while not criticising him, believe him to be merely a person who restrains the lustful speedman from projecting himself into a police-trap, may read these two reports with advantage. The first is an ordinary report by a patrol ordered on special duty in the Isle of Man during the Tourist Trophy Races for motor-cycles, and the second a report of the patrol who was first on the spot at the recent lamentable accident to a car which occurred on the Birmingham-Worcester Road.

A Scout's Working Day

The first is a document of versatility. The second is a document of resource. Both are remarkable. Number one is from Patrol C. S. Martin, who crowds into his days, which seem to start at 3.30 a.m. and finish around midnight, a very fine assortment of services to members, *e.g.*, meeting boats at Douglas, helping to fix side-cars to machines and charge tanks with fuel, obtaining permits from the chief constable to enable non-competitors to indulge in Sunday riding on the course, patrolling said course, scheduling telephones, doctors, garages, etc., in case of need during the race, hammering out bent and useless signposts, rendering first aid to injured competitors, discovering the cause of mechanical trouble to many



NOVEL ENGINE COOLING ON THE SIMPLON PASS

Cooling the engine of a Berliet with frozen snow after the severe climb up the Pass from Brigue. The snow was also utilised to refill the radiator, which had run dry

machines stranded on the road and putting them right, restoring an epileptic to temporary health, carrying him to his hotel, undressing him and putting him to bed, finally seeing everybody safe off the Island and sweeping up the *débris*. All this, and much more, all duly verified, in the course of a few days' special duty in the Isle of Man. Clearly Patrol Martin is a sort of ever-present help in time of trouble and a credit to his corps.

An Essay in Helpfulness—

The second report (on the fatal accident) is from Patrol R. Canning, of Sentry Box 201, Lickey End. He was called upon by a member at 6 p.m. on a Saturday, informed that a serious accident had occurred, and immediately telephoned to a doctor to proceed to the spot and to the local hospital to have beds made ready. (There's an example of forethought and good drilling, as well as proof of the utility of the sentry box telephone.) Went off at once thereafter to the scene of the accident, found one unfortunate gentleman dead, diagnosed the injuries to the others, and rendered first aid (a medical certificate, subsequently received, bears ready testimony to the accuracy of the diagnosis and the value of the treatment applied), and the last of the five injured occupants had been removed in cars lent by passing motorists for the purpose, before the police arrived. Canning then had the photographer around to make a record of the wrecked car for the purposes of the coroner's and other inquiries, had supervised the removal of the car into garage and cleared the road, all before 8 p.m. And the car in this case—it is a minor matter, but worth mentioning—was *not* the property of a member of the Automobile Association at all.

—And a Moral

In those two reports are a splendid vindication of the A.A. patrol, a magnificent testimony to his ingenuity, resource, and usefulness, and a complete justification of the A.A. Scout organisation and policy. I give the brief detail gladly because, in my own experience, although I have never called upon him for exceptional assistance, I have always found friend Scout courteous, and willing, and helpful, because I am sure he is an ever-growing necessity on the road, and because I am angry when stupid people, who have not paid for service, malign him for not rendering it. He, with all his usefulness, is obtained on payment of two guineas a year, the meagre price of A.A. membership.

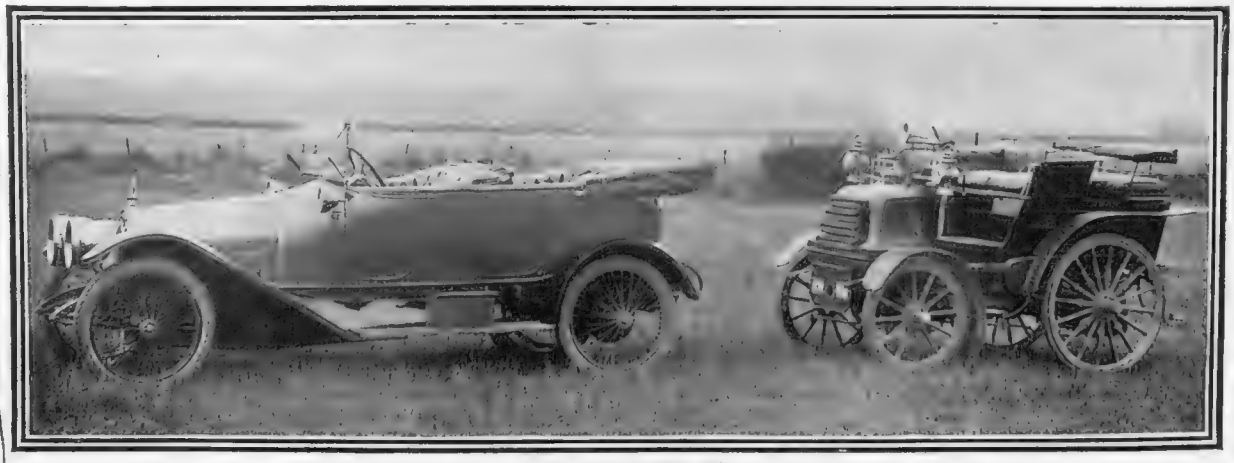
THE LATEST 1913 MODEL

Of the 15.9 h.-p. Panhard open five-seated car. The car in the photograph was supplied by Conway Jenkins to Mr. C. W. M. Price, of Shepperton. Particular features shown are a distinctive type of radiator, ample front springs, and large brake-drums on the back wheels

Dutchmen at Coventry

The twenty-six Dutch competitors in the Anglo-Dutch Motor-Cycle trials, together with a large party of prominent British motor-cyclists and others, were entertained at lunch by the directors of the Rudge-Whitworth Company at Coventry last week. Mr. Vernon Fugh, the managing director of the company, in a characteristically felicitous speech, welcomed the Dutchmen, for whom Mr. A. Citroen, the secretary of the team, responded.

The Klaxon Co., Ltd., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the Klaxon-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s.* 0*d.*, or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*



A VIVID CONTRAST

One of the first and one of the latest cars supplied by Messrs. Mann, Egerton and Co., of Norwich, Bury St. Edmunds, and London. The car on the right of the picture is one of the original Daimlers, and that on the left a modern Crossley

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 506.—Vol. XXXIX. Wednesday, August 13, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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37 GERRARD. VALUERS

"THE PICK OF THE MARKET."

A NEW BROCHURE, illustrating the choicest RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES for SALE and to LET, in all parts of the country, the chief suburbs, and the West End. Free on application to, or post three stamps of, Hampton and Sons, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

DELIGHTFUL UP-TO-DATE HOUSE.

CHARMING GROUNDS.

SUFFOLK (in a favourite part, about 5 miles Woodbridge, with its golf links).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this picturesque HOUSE, recently modernised. Large lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices, servants' hall; stabling, garage, groom's room, and 4-roomed cottage.

PRETTY OLD GARDENS,

2 tennis lawns, pergola, flower and kitchen gardens, thatched teahouse, orchard, and meadow, in all about 6¾ ACRES.

ACETYLENE GAS. GRAVEL SOIL.

—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CAPITAL HUNTING.

BEDS (2 MILES FROM LEIGHTON BUZZARD, with excellent trains to London in about 1 hour).—To be LET or SOLD, this well-built RESIDENCE,

PRETTILY SITUATED ON HIGH GROUND,

approached by good carriage drive, and containing: 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bed, 2 dressing rooms, bath, etc.; 5 loose boxes, man's room; well-timbered grounds with tennis lawn, etc.

CAPITAL HUNTING

with Oakley, Whaddon Chase and Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.—Apply, A. W. MERRY, Esq., Leighton Buzzard; or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON BRACING HEIGHTS. AT A REDUCED PRICE.

NEWBURY DISTRICT (400ft. up).—For SALE, convenient and very attractive RESIDENCE, splendidly placed amid rural surroundings, with south aspect and delightful views; lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 baths.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Stabling, garage, rooms for married man; also 6-roomed cottage. Secluded grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc., of about 3 acres. 2 miles from station, just over 1 hour from town.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

33 ACRES. GOLF.

CORNISH COAST (Bude).—To be SOLD, a choice little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 35 acres, with charming Residence, in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,

200ft. above sea: 3 excellent reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall; good stabling, cottages, and laundry. Pleasure grounds include shady lawns for tennis and croquet, kitchen garden, and orchard, the balance being excellent grass. Convenient station, village, and telegraph. Near 18-hole golf links.—HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HIGH AND DRY POSITION.

HENLEY (just outside this picturesque old town, with its lovely reach of the Thames).—For SALE, very attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, excellent offices; motor accommodation.

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GROUNDS

of great beauty; lawn, walled kitchen garden, paddock and orchard, in all

5½ ACRES.

—Further details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

400FT. UP. LOVELY VIEWS. SOUTH ASPECT.

GENUINE OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE.

SUSSEX (amidst glorious country).—For SALE, THIS EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE LITTLE PROPERTY, BELIEVED TO BE UPWARDS OF 600 YEARS OLD, AND CONTAINING A GREAT QUANTITY OF BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK.

Fine old dining hall with large open fireplace, beautiful music room (33ft. by 15ft.) with open oak raftered ceiling, 2 other reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and good offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 3, coach-house and several very useful outbuildings; old oast house, suitable for studio; pretty grounds, including lawn, bowling green, flower and kitchen gardens, orchards, and 2 meadows, in all about 11 ACRES.

HUNTING, GOLF AND FISHING WITHIN EASY DISTANCE.

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THIS SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT RESIDENCE, situated high above Oddicombe Beach, and surrounded by finely-timbered pleasure grounds and park-lands, with private frontage to the cliffs. The House contains: large hall, 5 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; stabling, garage, cottages, farmery, etc., the whole area comprising about 20 acres.

To be OFFERED by AUCTION as a whole or in lots by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, in conjunction with Messrs. BOURNE and SONS, of Totnes, in September next.—Solicitors, Messrs. HANBURY, WHITTING and Co., 62, New Broad Street, London, E.C. Auctioneers' offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TO BE SOLD.

THIS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, situated on the Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W. It contains: 3 reception rooms, garden room, offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light is installed and the House is wired for heating in all principal rooms and for cooking; hot-water heating; the garden extends to over ½ an acre, planted on two sides with a row of fir trees.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (M. 14)

ON THE SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, OR FURNISHED FOR THE SUMMER.

...IN A HEALTHY POSITION.

THIS PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing in finely-timbered grounds in the midst of undulating country. It is exceptionally well-furnished, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, ample domestic offices; stabling; garage; peach-house; vinery; small farmery; laundry, etc. Electric light is installed throughout; water is laid on; modern system of drainage; telephone. The old pleasure grounds include 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, pergola, herbaceous borders, fruit and vegetable gardens, orchard and lake.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,090)

HUNGERFORD.

Occupying a conspicuous position on the Main Bath Road.

THIS VERY QUAINT PROPERTY, known as "FAULKNOR SQUARE," placed well back from the road with a picturesque setting, and including a valuable water meadow extending to about 3 acres, also a Dwelling House in Charnham Street, the whole producing from actual and estimated gross rentals £115 16s. PER ANNUM.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL the above by AUCTION on Wednesday, September 10, 1913, at 2.30, at the Bear Hotel, Hungerford.—Detailed particulars may be obtained from the Solicitors, Messrs. CHESTER, BROOME and GRIFFITHES, 36, Bedford Row, London, W.C.; Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

KENT.

Within a mile of station, whence London may be reached in 1½ hours.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

THIS ATTRACTIVE OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing on high ground with extensive woodland and sea views. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, and ample domestic offices; Company's gas laid on; good supply of well water; gravel soil; there is stabling for 3, coach and motor-house, numerous outbuildings; charming old-world gardens; tennis and croquet lawns; excellent kitchen garden; golf links at Canterbury and Sandwich.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,441)

SURREY (2 miles from Godalming, 4 miles from Guildford).

COMPTON RECTORY, situate on the southern slope of the Hog's Back, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the county. The accommodation comprises: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices; stabling and farm buildings; the gardens and grounds are of great natural beauty, and include old walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all about

12 ACRES.

To be OFFERED by AUCTION by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, September 23, 1913, at 2.30 p.m.—Solicitors, Messrs. LEE, BOLTON and LEE, 1, The Sanctuary, Westminster; Land Agent, W. H. MESSENGER, Esq., Town Hall Buildings, Guildford. Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

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FOR SALE.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE
DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD
SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
All modern conveniences; electric light; radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16¼ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.
CLOSE TO THE ASHDOWN FOREST AND CROWBOROUGH.
Fine position, 500ft. above sea level.

FOR SALE.
PERFECT LITTLE ESTATE of about 136 acres. Charming old-fashioned House, beautifully appointed, and having electric light, hot water radiators, etc. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; delightful grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, etc.; ample stabling; first-rate farm buildings, 4 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE OF ITS SIZE IN SURREY IN THE MARKET
SITUATE IN THE LOVELIEST PART OF THE COUNTY.

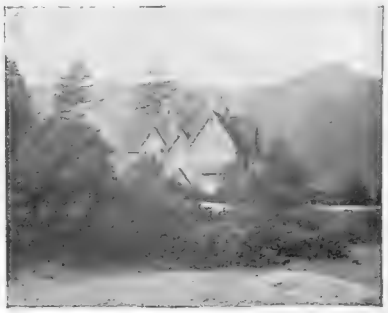
FOR SALE.—A Perfect FREEHOLD PROPERTY, of about 29 acres, practically surrounded by a famous Common, and comprising a really charming House approached by a long carriage drive through pine woods, heather, and bracken land, and containing: 10 *bedrooms, a reception room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, good offices, etc.; stabling, garage, glasshouses, gardener's cottage.*
IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS *intersected by streams, and laid out and maintained in a most perfect manner. Sand soil.—Inspected and highly recommended. Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, Wilson and Gray,* 100, *Mount St. London, W.*

TAUNTON AND MINEHEAD (between).
Beautiful position, 400ft. above sea level, amidst perfect country, with superb views of the Quantock Hills

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.
A BEAUTIFUL OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, REPLETE WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AND LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.
The House stands ½ mile back from road (2 lodges), in finely timbered park, and immediately surrounded by delightful gardens of singular charm; 14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, complete domestic offices; stabling for 6, garage; farm buildings, 3 cottages; 30 or 150 acres grass.
2,000 ACRES SHOOTING.
—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

KENT.—In a perfect position within a FEW MILES OF THE COAST.
225 acres. £13,000.
THE CHEAPEST ESTATE IN THE MARKET.
A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE
IN GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK.
12 to 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, ample offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT. Stabling for 6, garage; beautiful old gardens.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SPOTS IN SURREY.
SURROUNDED BY HOLMWOOD COMMON.



TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD—A perfectly fitted modern HOUSE, built about 40 years ago, beautifully situated, 300ft. above sea level, with extensive views: hall, 3 reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom;
ELECTRIC LIGHT, RADIATORS, TELEPHONE;
Company's water, main drainage.
BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS OF 5 ACRES;
Stabling for 3, garage, cottage. Close to golf links.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SOMERSET.
BETWEEN TAUNTON AND YEOVIL.
High up, with superb views; one of the most beautiful spots in the county.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, IN THE CENTRE OF A WONDERFUL PARK OF 300 ACRES.
Handsome suite of reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage, cottages, home farm,
GRAND OLD GARDENS OF SINGULAR BEAUTY.
—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE.
3 miles from the Dorset Coast.

A SINGULARLY CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room.
FINE OLD OAK PANELLING.
Stabling. Garage.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 9 ACRES.
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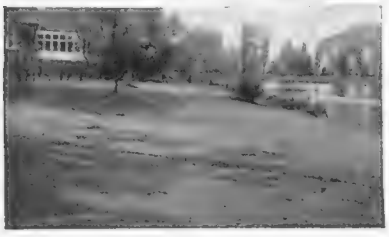


VIEW OF RIVER LAWN.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SIR CHARLES DILKE.

A DELIGHTFUL, UP-RIVER HOUSE, standing amidst old timber and wide lawns, sloping to the BANKS OF THE THAMES; 11 bed and dressing, bath room, 2 reception, lounge hall, electric light, new drainage, luxurious river verandah, boathouse, bungalow of 4 rooms.

FREEHOLD £2,000. RENT £140. 8 ACRES.

Strongly recommended to anyone seeking a charming river home.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, and Byfleet, Surrey.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN.
THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN HANTS.

NEW FOREST.—An exceptionally well-built HOUSE, containing: 2 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2 horses.

PRETTY GARDENS AND GROUNDS, together with paddock, in all about 4 ACRES.

£1,600. Only wants seeing.

—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

COMMANDING DELIGHTFUL VIEWS.
GLORIOUS ASHDOWN FOREST,
SITUATED CLOSE TO THE GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

FOR SALE, a well-nigh perfect little PROPERTY: 2 halls, 4 reception, 8 bed, bath; stabling; charmingly disposed gardens and grounds of 6½ ACRES, in which is a gardener's cottage and a picturesque rose-covered stone cottage.—Price and full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who strongly recommend this Property from personal knowledge.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON SEPT. 16.

AMERSHAM, BUCKS.—"Elmodesham House," an interesting OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE, standing some 300ft. above sea level, within ¾ mile of Amersham Station: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and good domestic offices; large coach-house, motor-house.

PRETTY OLD-WORLD GARDENS OF 1¾ ACRES.

HARRODS (LTD.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at The Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on SEPTEMBER 16 next, at a LOW RESERVE.

ONLY 15 MILES FROM LONDON.

HERTS (amidst perfectly rural, unspoiled, and beautiful surroundings). — For SALE, a charmingly placed COUNTRY PROPERTY: 6 bed, bath, hall, 2 reception; stabling; singularly pretty grounds and 2 paddocks 6¾ ACRES.—Price and full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who strongly recommend the Property from personal knowledge.

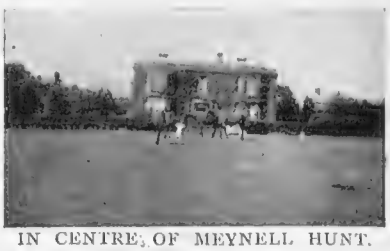
RENT £80 PER ANNUM, ON LEASE.

IVER HEATH (Bucks). — Beautifully situated, containing: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception, good offices; pretty grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, about 1 acre; stabling and garage.—Further particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,862)

AMIDST DEVON'S GLORIOUS MOORLAND SCENERY.
£6,000 HOUSE and 140 ACRES.

A FINE OLD TUDOR HOUSE of 11 bed, 4 reception, bath, servants' hall; stabling, farmery, and Farmhouse; nice gardens, pasture, arable, and woodland; salmon and trout-fishing, hunting and golf. Or would be Let, Furnished, for Summer or longer.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (14,078)

ONGAR.—Charming RESIDENCE to be LET, UNFURNISHED (remainder of lease about 11 years), or FURNISHED for 1 year. Standing in large well-timbered grounds: 2 tennis courts, large kitchen garden, orchard, meadow, and arable land about 90 acres. Entrance hall, hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, nursery, school room; stabling and motor garage, with attendants' accommodation. Hunting.—Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,615)



IN CENTRE OF MEYNELL HUNT.

AN IDEAL HUNTING-BOX, standing in grounds of about 8 acres, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and bathrooms, servants' hall; good gardens, orchard, tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 7, motor-house, coach-house; electric light throughout house and stabling; hunting 4 days a week with Meynell, 1 day with Quorn. To LET, Unfurnished, £120 per annum, or Furnished for season, 7 gns. per week.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,901)

1 MILE PRESERVED RIVER FISHING.
9-HOLE GOLF COURSE IN THE GROUNDS. ROUGH SHOOTING.

"ACLARE HOUSE," CO. MEATH, IRELAND, —To be LET for the HUNTING SEASON, charming GEORGIAN MANSION, standing in parklike grounds; 2 carriage drives, lodges at each entrance: 18 bedrooms, 4 reception, billiard, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10, garage, laundry, dairy. —Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 11,571)

PERSONALLY INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

HANTS COAST.—To LET, FURNISHED, or would be LET UNFURNISHED on Lease. In a unique position, overlooking the Isle of Wight and Christchurch Harbour.—Charming RESIDENCE of the Early Victorian period, in lovely grounds of 13¼ acres, stream running through the grounds: 10 bed, 3 reception, bathroom; electric light and stoves in bedrooms, gas; stabling for 4, good garage, rooms over stables, gardener's cottage, etc.—Rent and further particulars of the owner's Agents. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,607)

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CAMBERLEY.—To LET, Furnished, for 6 or 8 months, from October, small comfortable HOUSE, with pretty garden: 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; Company's water and gas; main drainage; ½ mile from station, 1 mile from Staff College; stands high; 3½ to 4 guineas weekly, according to period.—Apply, "OWNER," The Cottage, Camberley.

A TIMES PRICE BARGAIN.
BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD SIXTEENTH CENTURY RESIDENCE full of oak. — 3 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms, long drive, pretty entrance lodge, MAIN WATER; excellent stabling, garage, farmery. The beautiful pleasure grounds are well shaded, spacious lawns, flower beds, rose garden, fish pond, shrubberies, kitchen garden, glass houses; and parklike pastureland, in all about 71 ACRES. Price, for the whole estate, £5,000, or with 26 acres, £3,250.—Box M 89, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A Property which has been the subject of an article in "Country Life"

A GENUINE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE.
Exquisitely appointed.
Most beautiful old timbered grounds.
Golf 1¼ miles. Gravel soil. Cottage.

NEWBURY *District.*—To be SOLD, at a Bargain price, an UNIQUELY PICTURESQUE PROPERTY: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; stabling. — Inspected and strongly recommended by EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (5,677)

ON THE BORDERS OF THE BLACKMORE VALE.
COMPANY'S WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT.
RENT ONLY £150.

25 acres rich grassland. 2 cottages.

SOMERSET (Grand Views).—To be LET, this well-appointed COUNTRY HOUSE: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good offices; stabling for 4, garage, cowhouses.—Highly recommended from inspection by EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (6,035)

CENTRE OF COTTESMORE AND BELVOIR HUNT.

LEICESTERSHIRE. — For SALE, Freehold, with or without the valuable antique furniture, an exceptionally good HUNTING BOX, with stabling for about 15 horses. Originally a Cottage about 500 years old, made suitable for gentleman's occupation. Hall, 3 reception, usual offices with servants' hall, butler's bedroom, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY. ACETYLENE GAS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Cottage and rooms over stabling. Pretty grounds of 2 or 3 acres, with kitchen garden, tennis lawn, etc.; 5 minutes from station and handy for Melton Mowbray.—Box HS 38, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE.
3 miles from the Dorset Coast.

A SINGULARLY CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room.

FINE OLD OAK PANELLING.
Stabling. Garage.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 9 ACRES.

—Box WG 31, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

RENT ONLY £100 PER ANNUM, AND £250 PREMIUM.

LOVELY DORKING DISTRICT (300ft. up).—An attractive old-fashioned FARMHOUSE,

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

Lounge hall, 4 reception, 8 bed, bath; stabling 3, motor-house and outbuildings; exceedingly pretty gardens, lawns, orchard, paddocks, in all 12 acres. —Box H 15,795, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

FACING THE CHANNEL AT BEMBRIDGE, I.O.W.

With Own Bathing Box on Shore.

FOR SALE OR LETTING, Furnished, MARINE RESIDENCE, containing: 6 bed, 2 reception, bath; gas and Company's water; main drainage, gravel soil; pretty terraced gardens of 1 acre, with tennis lawn. Price only £1,200, or 10gs. per week for 6-8 weeks.—Box H 15,735, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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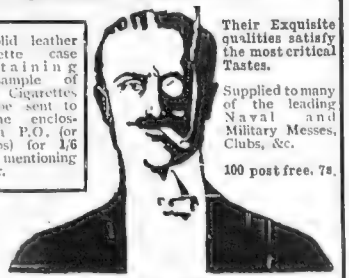

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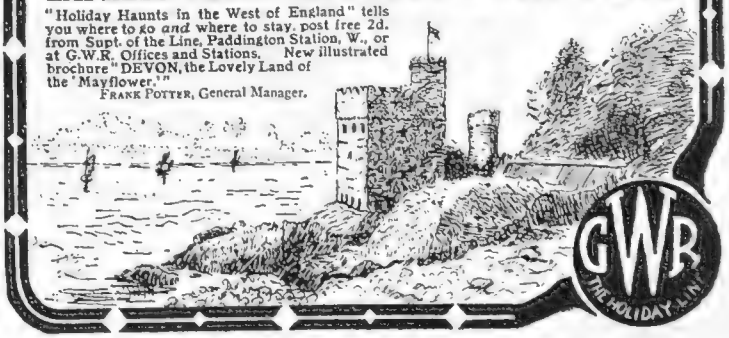

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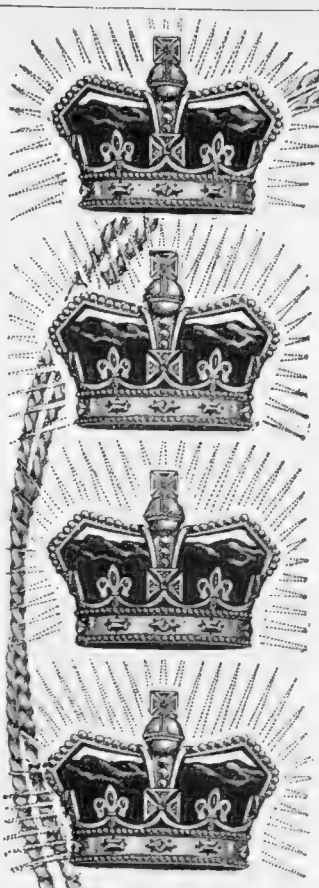

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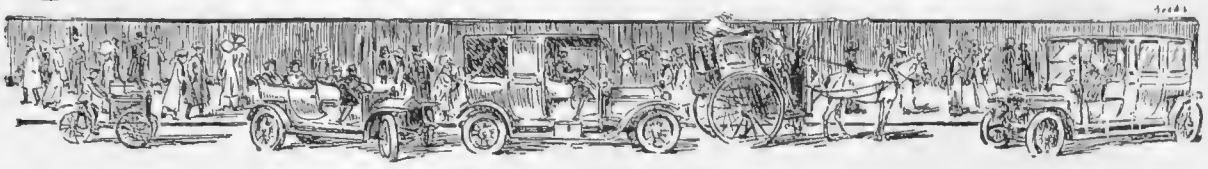


By MRS. JACK MAY

A Practical Shooting Suit

WHETHER a woman merely walks with the guns or wields a gun, the coat and skirt pictured would serve equally well. It is built of a ratine tweed in a dark, useful shading of brown that would melt into the background of the surrounding hills and heather, with artistically introduced facings of tan cloth. The hat is of black *velour* with check braid binding, a fancy wing rampant at the back.

The services of suede and leather are not accorded the same favour as heretofore, although as a gun-rest a facing of either has its claims.

Crêpe de Chine Shirts

This is one of the many luxuries of the age. For the colder months there is a heavy quality that is quite sufficiently warm, and yet conforms to the clinging decrees of the moment, and is truly irresistible. The styles now adopted are not actually of the conventional tailor-made brand. They have long shoulder lines, vagaries being worked with this, and soft, flat fronts closed up the centre with three shank studs or buttons and a falling collar of the so-called "Polo" or "Peter Pan" persuasion. And such styles are now accounted quite right and in harmony with the strictest tailor-made. The bared throat with these, as with other bodices and blouses, has come to stay for some while yet. As a matter of fact, the majority are only just learning how to deal individually with this vogue, and, of a truth, there is choice enough for all to find something becoming.

Reports from various French seaside resorts dwell on the fancy prevailing for some little *crêpe de Chine* shirts in a new shade of *cerise* that the *vraies élégantes* are wearing with navy and plain grey linen suits, while tussore has found a new lease of life in a pretty mole-grey. Needless to say, Paris again is responsible for this, the *beige nuance* having done yeoman's service for so many years, and thoroughly exhausted its welcome.

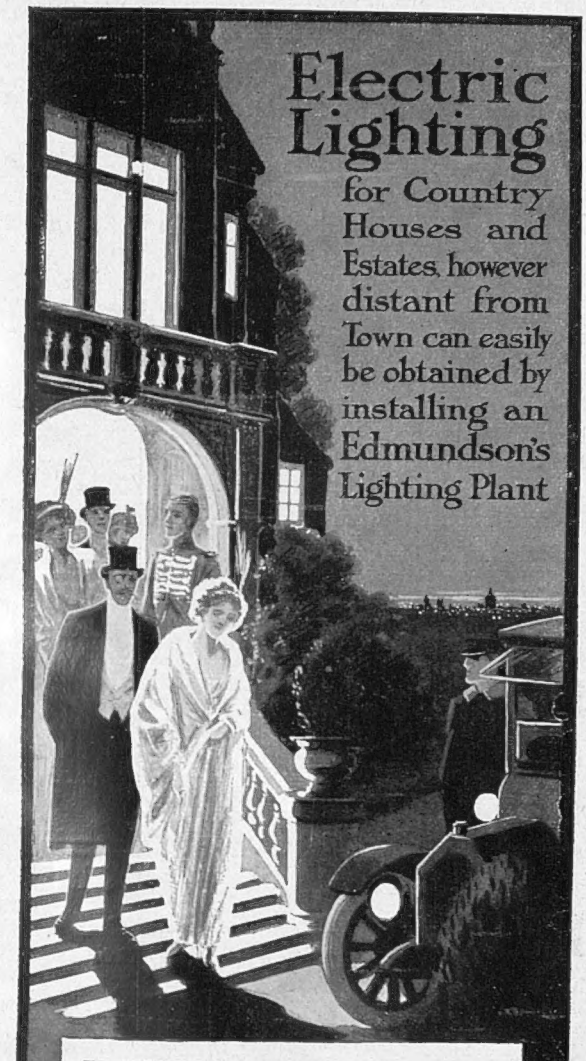
It is really curious how these modistic novelties only make their *début* on Continental *plages*. Naturally, hints creep the way of we chroniclers of fashion, but the actual garments are seldom materialised this side the Channel. Thus, with the *éponge* frocks and sports skirts last summer, while this year some inspired *couturière* has successfully advanced the claims of *toile de jouy* for *jupes*. These are proving an unqualified success, only the best-finished qualities of this *toile* being employed. It is quite a fresh departure to have flowered skirts, the coatee, or upper part, being invariably carried out in some plain coloured linen or tussore.

SPORTING SUIT IN THE NEW RATINE TWEED
In dark brown with tan cloth facings, etc. Black "velour" hat with check braid binding and fancy wing

Accessories of Dress

A notable feature and some precursor of what will be worn in the autumn is the fanciful waistcoat. At the moment these are proving the arresting note on linen suits, and a great number are so devised that they can be slipped on over a thin blouse and dispensed with if the coat is removed.

At the same time they frequently serve to enhance the appearance of a simple slip, as would the example included in the group of dress accessories illustrated. Although an original design, this model is thoroughly typical, and could be effected in *toile*



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Burberry Shooting Gown.

Ideal for protection, lightweight, and comfort. Pivot sleeves ensure such freedom as to enable both the good and bad shot to shoot straighter.

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de jouy brocade, striped silk, etc. The latter, as a matter of fact, is depicted, a rather heavy make like *peau de soie* or ottoman, with little lace *medicis* attached. The folded belt may pick up the colours of the stripe or be of soft black silk, and below this the fronts cross and finish at quite an appreciable depth in graceful points.

There is, I am sure, small need to press home the attractions of such a smart little *gilet* as this; nor, indeed, of the waistcoat in its every aspect, a revival that is unquestionably due, and one, moreover, likely to have a very marked influence on the build of autumn costume coats in general. But since I have planned to go exhaustively into the subject of advance autumn tailor-mades in a later issue, I will perforce drag myself away from the absorbing subject of fancy waistcoats for the moment.

Black Satin

Immediately beneath is shown the front view of a deep-swathed belt of soft black satin that once again indicates the oncoming longer waist. The draperies are slightly raised in front, and, apparently, drawn through a mother-of-pearl buckle, and finished with a stole end drawn into a long silk tassel, a small *coquille* adding a coquettish touch to the summit.

USEFUL ODDMENTS

1. Waistcoat of striped red and white silk with lace "medici" collar attached can be worn over lace blouse, etc.
2. Little ermine handkerchief knot.
3. Design for black satin swathed waist-band with mother-of-pearl buckle in front.
4. Fichu of white net or ninon, with coloured border and three rows of narrow val lace.

Fichu and Net

The invaluable *fichu*, which can positively do no wrong just now, is prettily exemplified in another of these accessory suggestions. The basis is white net stitched with three little frills of Valenciennes lace, while the deep outer and falling frill of the net is finished with *plissé* black tulle illusion.

Finally there is pictured one of the fetching little ermine kerchiefs, the short ends lightly knotted in front. These are already being worn exhaustively, but as separate details, whereas with the colder months the chances are they will become permanent attachments.

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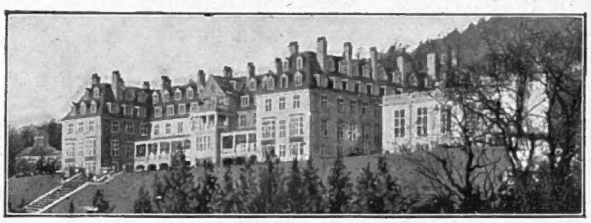

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The Editor's Box

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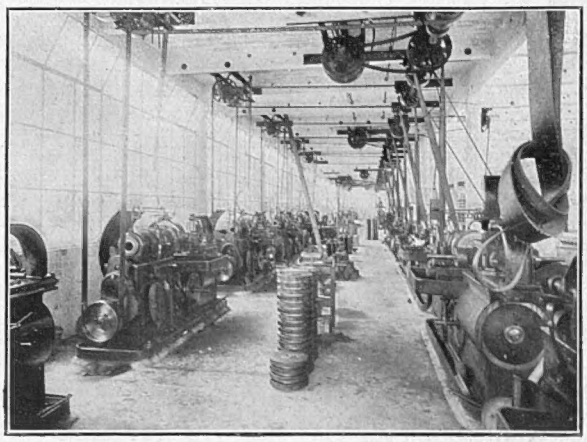

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The Automatic Machine Shop at the new Arrol-Johnston Motor Works, Heath Hall, Dumfries

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The rapid advance in black and white pictorial advertising is well illustrated this week by Messrs. Elliman, Sons and Co., of Slough, who are inserting in fourteen of the best weekly illustrated papers, published in London, a pictorial page, each of which is wholly or partially a different subject.

The Menu: CONCERNING THE MAKING OF JAMS AND JELLIES

IT is generally agreed by connoisseurs that home-made jam has a far nicer flavour than that bought at shops or stores, and now that we are having a spell of dry weather, those of my readers who are thinking of making jam should lose no time in setting to work, as it is most important that the fruit should be dry and not over ripe. A nice variety in jams can be made by combining fruits. For example, raspberries and currants, raspberries and cherries go well together, and as the making of red-currant jelly is quite simple, every housewife should make her own.

Red Currant Jelly
Raspberry and Red Currant Jam
Damson Cheese
Mulberry Jelly
Plum Jam
Green Tomato Chutnee

Red Currant Jelly

One pound of best preserving sugar for every pint of currant juice. Wash the currants, and then put them on to boil without shredding. As soon as they are hot, but not too hot to touch, squeeze them in a cheese-cloth. Put the juice on in a preserving-pan, and to every pint allow 1 lb. of sugar. Bring to the boil, and boil fast for twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Put into small pots and cover while hot.

Raspberry and Red Currant Jam

A quarter of a pound of raspberries to every 1 lb. of red currants. Weigh the mixed fruit, and allow ¾ lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit. Put the fruit on to get hot, and then add the sugar. Bring to the boil, and then boil for three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently.

Damson Cheese

Put the damsons into a jar, stand them in a pan of boiling water over the fire, and cook gently till quite tender; then press out the juice; now remove the skins and stones of the damsons, weigh them, and boil them till they become a dry paste; add 6 oz. of pounded sugar to each 1 lb. of fruit, stir them together off the fire till the sugar is dissolved, then cook all together again till the mixture will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Press it into jars, and cover down tightly with paper, the under piece being dipped in brandy.

Mulberry Jelly

Put 12 lb. of mulburries into the oven, and when partly cooked squeeze out the juice. Measure it, and to every six pints allow 6 lb. of loaf sugar, a pint of water, and the juice of two lemons. Boil fast for thirty minutes, and then pour into pots. Cover while still hot.

Plum Jam

The flavour of plum jam, and, indeed, all jams made with stone fruits, is very greatly improved by the addition of a few bitter almonds. During the boiling process about half-a-dozen almonds for every 1 lb. of fruit is a nice addition. The almonds need not be removed, but may be left in the jam.

Green Tomato Chutnee

Put one pint of vinegar in a preserving-pan with ½ lb. of Demarara sugar. Boil until the sugar is dissolved—1 lb. of green tomatoes, 1 lb. of apples. Add ½ oz. of ground ginger, ½ oz. of mixed spice, six chillies (only the seeds should be used), ¼lb. sliced shallots, ½ lb. of sultanas, salt to taste. All these ingredients added to the vinegar and boiled well until thick and set. EMILIA